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GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife.
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood-water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor-bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor-bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But a few more flows of the sea, wife,
And a few more flows of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side!

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore!

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEARCH.

Mr. Bruff entertained an idea that there was no policy like that of taking the bull by the horns. Accordingly he quitted the castle, and contrived to cross that portion of the Dane preserves where he deemed it most likely Lord Dane would be. Upon seeing him, he went boldly up and told his tale of the occurrences of the morning, deprecatingly dwelling upon the fact that the room had been opened by Miss Dane's orders, against his own will.

Lord Dane was sitting on the stump of a tree, solacing himself with a sandwich and something good from a flask. Bruff stood humbly before him, expecting little less than his head would be snapped off. Few peers visited disobedience of orders more sharply than he of Dane.

"As a general rule, Bruff, you know that what I say is law, and may not be violated with impunity," cried his lordship, with his mouth full. "In this instance the matter was not momentous; but I shall speak to Miss Dane, who appears to have been more in fault than you. Did you give the young man his box?"

"The box was not there, my lord; leastways the one he said he was looking after," replied the amazed and relieved Bruff. "A tin box, japanned, with gilt initials outside, he described it to be: there was nothing answering to the description, your lordship."

"Then what brought the fellow intruding after it?" cried his lordship, testily. "That's just what I expected it would be—that every man, woman, and child, who might have ever so remote an interest in the ship, would be poking themselves up to view the relics; and therefore I ordered you to keep them closed. Let them go down with the divers and hunt there."

"The young gentleman says the box was found and brought to the castle, my lord," returned Bruff, believing Lord Dane was taking a wrong view of the facts. "But, as I told him, if the box came with the other things there it would now be, with them."

"Rubbish!" returned Lord Dane. "The box could not vanish through the floor. Perhaps you overlooked it, Bruff."

Mr. Bruff thought not; and subjoined the information that the young gentleman had announced his intention of calling at the castle, to see Lord Dane upon the point.

"He is welcome," said his lordship.

Mr. Lydney so timed his visit as to see Lord Dane just before his dinner hour. He was received with politeness.

"My butler has been telling me some rigmarole story about a box vanishing out of the strong-room," began his lordship, in a free, frank tone. "But the thing is impossible; if the box was placed in the strong-room, it must be in it still."

"The box was certainly put in the cart to be brought to the castle—to that Mitchel can testify," returned Mr. Lydney; in a tone as free as his lordship's, though somewhat more haughty. "The question is, where was it put after it reached the castle?"

"Did Mitchel take notice of the box?"

"Yes," emphatically replied Mr. Lydney. "And Mitchel says that your lordship also took notice of it, and remarked that the initials on it were not those of my name."

"Is it that box which is missing? the one with the three gilt V's upon it?" exclaimed Lord Dane. "Oh, that was certainly placed in the cart: I saw the men put it in."

"May I inquire why your lordship should have meddled with the box at all——"

"I had the things brought up for security," interrupted Lord Dane.

"But I had claimed that particular box, and had left it in Mitchel's care, while I went for means to remove it," said Mr. Lydney. "It appears to me that it could not be any concern of your lordship's. As to safety—Mitchel, I say, was in charge."

"Were you accustomed to see much of wrecks, which I do not suppose you are, you would know how next to impossible it is for any preventive-men to stop the pilfering of the marauders that infest the coast," rejoined Lord Dane. "It was my duty, as lord of the manor, to take care that the things recovered remained intact. You are at liberty to claim your property, and remove it from the castle."

"But where is my property?" asked Mr. Lydney. "Your servant showed me the things brought here from the beach, *all* the things, he said; and it was not with them."

"Sir, to reiterate such an assertion makes me quite angry," tartly rejoined Lord Dane. "A box locked up safely in a strong room could not vanish from it: it must be there still."

Lord Dane rang the bell for the key of the strong room as he spoke, and Bruff brought it to him. He and Mr. Lydney then proceeded thither.

"Your lordship must perceive that the box is *not* here," said Mr. Lydney, pointing to the things as they lay on the floor.

Lord Dane glanced at them with a keen and curious eye; and when he found beyond doubt that the box really was missing, he appeared on the point of losing his temper. "It is most strange, most singular!" he uttered; and, turning to Bruff, Lord Dane abruptly demanded:

"Whom have you dared admit to this room? Somebody must have entered and removed the box."

"I declare to goodness, my lord, that not a soul has entered it," cried the unhappy Bruff, "saving this gentleman and Miss Dane. The key never was out of my personal custody." And Lydney felt convinced that the man was speaking the truth.

"The box must have been conveyed to some other room when brought to the castle, not to this one at all," he observed, but Lord Dane interrupted him.

"I give you my honor, sir, as a peer of England, that the things brought in the cart were placed in this room, and in this room only. The men had no opportunity of entering any other, and did not enter one."

"I can bear my lord out in that," interposed Bruff, turning his honest face upon the stranger. "The things were brought straight to this room through the outer passage, not the inner one: had the men wished to go into another room, they could not. Besides, I was with them all the time, and my lord also was looking on. I'm sure it's like magic."

"I can surmise how it is," said Lord Dane; "the men must have omitted to remove the box from the cart."

"No," said Mr. Lydney. "I have questioned the men, and am satisfied that it was brought into the castle."

"My lord," put in the butler, "I watched the cart go away from the gates, and it was quite empty."

"It is inexplicable," exclaimed Lord Dane. "But I hope," he added, turning to Mr. Lydney, with a frank smile, "that it will soon be explained, and the box found, for you appear to set store by it."

"It shall be found, if there be law or justice in England," warmly spoke the young man.

"Nay," said Lord Dane, "you would seem to cast blame to me; but that is not just."

"My lord," returned Mr. Lydney, "it is against my nature to act, or suspect, in an underhand manner, and therefore I candidly avow my opinion that your lordship has custody of the box. Had it been lying on the beach unclaimed, as the other things were, and you had ordered it to the castle, I could have understood it; but that you should do so in the face of Mitchel's assurance that it was mine, and that I was bringing assistance to remove it, does appear to me to be a procedure fraught with doubt. I can only believe that your lordship did so to obtain possession of the box."

"Why! what do you suppose I wanted with the box?" uttered Lord Dane.

"I am unable to say."

"You are smarting under this loss, young sir, which I confess is a vexatious one, and therefore I excuse your language," equably returned Lord Dane. "I will even condescend to point out how totally absurd your suspicions are. That the things were all brought to this room I have testified to you; my servants have done the same, and you can also question the miller's men. Now, this room is some distance removed from any other room in the castle, and I ask you how it would be possible for me to carry a heavy box, which most likely I could not even lift, through the passages to them? You may be capable of deeming that my servants helped me, or carried it by my orders: but I give you hearty leave to question them all. No, Mr. Lydney; I will swear to you that not a thing went out of this room-door again after it was brought in it: I locked the door upon the things immediately, and handed the keys to Bruff. Since then it lies with him."

Bruff looked up deprecatingly, but did not again defend himself. That there was point in what Lord Dane advanced Mr. Lydney could but acknowledge, and perhaps he began to doubt whether his suspicions were correct. He returned with Lord Dane to the reception-room, for he had left his gloves there, and then took his leave. Standing at another door, as he passed through the corridor, was Miss Dane, apparently calling to her pet dog; in point of fact, watching for the departure of the handsome stranger. Her ringlets were more elaborate, now they were arranged for dinner, and were ornamented with sundry bows of sky-blue ribbon; her white dress, made after a girlish fashion, was also decorated with blue. She gave a little start, as of surprise, when Mr. Lydney approached, and put down her arms like a timid child.

"You here again? How nice! Oh, I hope you have found your box."

"It cannot be found," was the answer. "It appears to have vanished in some unaccountable manner from Lord Dane's strong room."

"Vanished as the ghosts do," simpered the lady.

"Not exactly. The days of ghosts are over, Miss Dane.

He quitted her to depart. As she watched his receding figure, Lord Dane came up whistling, his hands in his pockets.

"What are you looking after, Cecilia?"

"That handsome young man," avowed Miss Dane. "I never saw one so good-looking before."

"H—m," returned Lord Dane, in a tone of dissent. "Not a bad figure, though."

"Geoffry, who does he put you in mind of?"

"Not any one," answered Lord Dane, resuming his whistling.

"Ah, you never can see likenesses as I do. He is exceedingly like old Lady Dane."

Lord Dane stared at his sister, and then laughed slightingly. "You take queer fancies in your head, Cecilia. That man is no more like Lady Dane than he is like you or me. I should be sorry if he were."

"Why?"

"Because a suspicion is drawing over my mind that he is not what he assumes to be—that he is not a good character: an adventurer, in short, who is bent on nefarious purposes."

Miss Dane gave vent to a scream of genuine mortification. If her brother said so she feared it must be the fact, for she knew how clear-sighted Lord Dane was.

Bruff, meanwhile, was showing out the same—gentleman, or adventurer, or whatever he might be. They stood for an instant to converse beyond the gate.

"I hope, sir, you will not attribute this loss to any fault or carelessness of mine," spoke Bruff.

"No, I do not," was the ready answer. "But, you must admit that it is strange in the extreme."

"I can't make it out in any way, sir; turn it about as I will there's no opening for a probability to creep in at."

"Lord Dane delivered the key to you immediately?"

"That he did, sir. When the men had carried in the things I went to the door with them, and saw them drive off with the empty cart. Then I turned back along the passage to the room, and there stood my lord waiting for me. He locked the door fast in my sight, gave me the key, and ordered me to keep it locked, and to allow no one to enter. Then he went out, and returned but just now. Now, sir, even allowing that my lord had an inclination to remove that box elsewhere, as you seemed to suspect, he could not by any possibility have had the time, either to do it himself, or to get it done; and my own moral persuasion is, that the box never did come into the castle. Halloa! you young eavesdropper? what do you do here?"

The latter words were addressed to Mr. Shad, who was standing in close proximity. Mr. Lydney turned hastily, and thought he had never seen so strange-looking a boy. The butler pointed his finger in authoritative warning, and the lad shuffled off.

"Had the box been of light weight I might have thought that young reptile had pilfered it from the cart," observed Bruff to Mr. Lydney. "He must have stolen after when the cart came up here from the beach, for I saw him hovering close by when the men were taking the things from it. A box of that weight, of course he could not take."

Mr. Lydney strode away, overtook Shad, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"What is your name?" asked he.

"Please, sir, it's Shad."

"Shad—what?"

"I doesn't know."

"The divers recovered some things this morning from the wreck, and a cart took them up to Dane Castle. You followed, I believe, Mr. Shad. Did you see the cart unloaded?"

"I didn't finger nothing," was the response of the boy.

"That is not what I ask you. *Can* you speak truth?" proceeded Mr. Lydney, doubting whether much truth could come from a mortal, possessing a countenance like the one he gazed on.

Shad only grinned.

"You see this sixpence," said Mr. Lydney, taking one from his pocket. "I am going to ask you a question or two; answer me with strict truth, and it shall be yours. Equivocate only by a word, and instead of the sixpence, you shall get something not so pleasant."

"I know what you'd ask me," burst forth the boy, forgetting his usual *role* of "simpleton," in the eager fascination the sixpence bore for him; "it's about your lost box, that a row's being made over, him with the three letters on it. I see it took in to the castle."

"Your lordship must perceive that the box is not here," said Mr. Lydney, pointing to the things as they lay on the floor.

"You did?"

"I see it with these two eyes o'mine," avowed Shad, lifting his sly orbs, sparkling now, to the face of Mr. Lydney. "It was a'most the last thing left in the cart; the two millers carried of it in, and Mr. Bruff went a'ter 'em up the passage."

"Where was Lord Dane then?"

"I didn't see him. I think he was agone into the castle afore."

"You saw the cart drive away, no doubt; was it quite empty?"

"Yes; there warn't nothing left in her. Master, I'm telled the truth, and now, please, for the sixpence."

"Should I find later that you have not told the truth, it shall go hard with you," said Mr. Lydney, dropping the sixpence into his hand. "But if you could only learn, Shad, how much easier it is to speak truth than the contrary, what a vast amount of trouble it saves, you would never say another false word again."

Shad's only reply was to amble off, his arms flinging themselves about in wild delight at the possession of the sixpence.

It was somewhere about this hour, or a little later, for the shades of night were gathering on the earth, that Miss Lester and her brother were walking through the wood-path, already mentioned. Once more Maria had transgressed home orders, and had been to see Edith, for the accounts she heard of her state of health grew more dark day by day. The visit paid, she was now returning home, Wilfred escorting her through the wood. In more open parts, Maria would scarcely have dared to be seen with him, fearing it might get reported at home, and that unpleasantness would be the consequence. They had walked at first in silence, but Maria's thoughts were gradually winding themselves up to a pitch of excitement, and she suddenly broke it, clasping her hands as she turned to her brother.

"Oh, Wilfred! is there nothing that you can do. Try any thing. Look out for a situation; no matter what, so that you can but earn a trifle. Throw pride to the winds."

"Pride! Gad, I don't think much of that stops by me, Maria," was his reply. "What would you suggest that I should do? I know of nothing. I cannot go and open a general shop in Danesheld, wanting funds; I cannot engage myself as keeper to Lord Dane; I don't suppose I should get hired if I offered myself as footman to my father, to replace the one I bear is leaving."

"How can you thus turn what I say into ridicule? and Edith in the state she is!" rejoined Maria, with displeasure in her voice, but tears in her eyes.

"Not ridicule, Maria," he quietly replied. "These subordinate situations being closed to me, are a proof how much more closed better ones would be. It was in that light I spoke."

"But you are wrong. You draw a wrong deduction," she argued. "These mean sort of situations for making money, are of course closed to you; but there are others, suitable to a gentleman."

"I don't know how a gentleman, entirely devoid of means, could put himself in the way of obtaining such. Maria, it is of no use to finesse longer, and to play at pride and propriety. You see these clothes?" pointing to the velveteen suit he wore. "They are all I possess."

"Where are your others?" she uttered, breathlessly; "your better suits?"

"Pledged. Pledged for food. I may have to put in this coat also, for some pressing necessity, and to go about, astonishing Danesheld, in shirt-sleeves. It is not very likely that I could take any situation appropriate to a gentleman."

The crimson had flushed into Maria's face; it seemed that she was at a loss for words. They were drawing near to the wood, and Wilfred stopped.

"I shall not go any farther, Maria. But, before we part, I wish you would tell me whether there's truth, or not, in a report I have heard. Rumor runs that you are to marry Lord Dane."

Maria turned away her head, and remained silent.

"I see," said Wilfred, "it is so. Think well what you are about, Maria; remember he was once the choice lover of Lady Adelaide; and she his. That is, if tradition tells true."

"Do not allow yourself to repeat such stories," remonstrated Maria. "Lady Adelaide is papa's wife. And disabuse your mind upon another point, Wilfred; I do not wish to marry Lord Dane."

"Oh! Is the wish, the liking, all on his side?"

"It is not on mine. I do not dislike Lord Dane, but I shall never like him well enough to marry him. There is only one thing——"

At this moment an interruption occurred. It had pleased Mr. Lydney, buried in deep thoughts, to take a circuitous path from the castle to the Sailor's Rest, which path led him through the wood. He had scarcely entered it when his eye caught sight of young Mr. Shad, twined, something like a snake, round the thin trunk of a tree, and evidently in the act of listening. At the same moment, his ear caught the sound of voices. He went gently forward, laid his grasp upon the gentleman, and drew him out before the astonished gaze of Wilfred and Miss Lester.

Young Shad whined out:

"What had he done? It was hard a poor little fellow couldn't be watching an ant's nest, but he must be pounced upon and took up, as if he was a bird or a rabbit."

"I hope you were saying nothing that all the world may not hear," said Mr. Lydney, addressing them, "for this boy was certainly listening."

"No, I wasn't," sniffed Shad, trying to squeeze out a tear. "I never heard nothing. I was looking at the ant's nest."

"You young dog, you'll come in for my stick some of these days," cried Wilfred Lester, shaking his cane menacingly at him. "You are always up to your tricks. I don't believe there's an ant's nest there. No, there is not," he added, going to the spot, and examining. "Now, what do you deserve?"

"I never said as there was," wailed the incorrigible Shad. "I said as I was a looking for him. Granny al'ays tells me to look out for the ant's nests."

Finding himself at liberty, he scampered away at the utmost speed of his legs; but only to double back again when he was beyond sight and hearing. Dodging stealthily amidst the thick trees, he got as near to the spot as he dared, his ears all awake. Finding himself balked, for by that time the three were dispersing, he solaced his inquisitive mind by dodging the further movements of Mr. Wilfred Lester.

"As shrewd a young spirit as ever crossed my path, that Master Shad," exclaimed Mr. Lydney. "One to be guarded against, unless I am mistaken. Who is he? He told me he did not know his name."

"I don't think he does know it, or anybody else in this neighborhood, except the old woman he calls granny," replied Mr. Wilfred Lester. "Shad's parentage remains amidst the things untold. He is a sly imp of mischief."

"He has an evil physiognomy and a cunning one," returned Mr. Lydney. "Bad qualities, both; doubly bad when they go together."

"The gossips are engrossed with the tale of the loss of your property, the box brought to light by the divers," resumed Wilfred. "Is it found?"

"No! It is the most extraordinary, the most unaccountable—however, I will say no more till I call in the aid of the police," Mr. Lydney broke off. "Is Lord Dane a man of veracity?" he added, abruptly.

"I know nothing to the contrary," replied Wilfred Lester. "I cannot say that he is a favorite of mine; we all have our likes and dislikes; but—a man of veracity? Yes, I should deem him to be that. But I must leave you, for I have an appointment, and shall be late for it. Good-night. Lydney, just see my sister the few steps to the end of the wood."

He sped off unceremoniously, and Mr. Lydney turned to walk by the side of Miss Lester.

"Were the contents of this lost box of very much consequence?" she inquired.

"Of the very utmost consequence," he answered. "Strictly speaking, neither the box nor the contents belonged to me, but they were in my charge; and I would rather give every shilling I possess in the world than lose them."

"Are you going to make a long stay in Danesheld?"

"I cannot tell how long it will be. Hitherto I have been hoping for the box, which this morning brought up. Now it is gone again, and I am no more forward than before."

"Its disappearance certainly appears to savor of the marvelous," observed Maria. "But, rely upon it, it never was placed in the death-room."

"In the what room?" echoed Mr. Lydney.

Maria smiled at his surprise.

"They call it the strong room now; but until the return of Lord Dane from abroad, it was known as the death-room, being the apartment where the Danes, after death, lie in state. Except in Lord Dane's presence, most people call it the death-room still."

"I fancy—now you speak of it—that Lord Dane's butler called it the death-room to-day; but it nearly escaped my notice," observed Mr. Lydney.

He conducted Maria to the door of the hall, and then wished her good-evening. From some cause they had dined earlier than usual that day, and Maria supposed

that tea would be waiting. It was not, however, and she proceeded to the study of her father, where he sat alone. Mr. Lester was reading a newspaper; Maria waited till he looked up.

"Papa," she said, untying her bonnet-strings, "there has been an understood embargo, more implied than expressed to me, that I should not go to Wilfred's house."

"Of course," replied Mr. Lester; "it could not be permitted."

"I have come to tell you that I have transgressed it, and have been there, twice. The first time my going was, if I may so express it, involuntary; the second, this evening, I went in deliberation. It would not be right if I kept it from you, papa."

"And what took you there?" angrily demanded Mr. Lester, after surveying Maria for some moments in silence.

"I went to see Edith. Papa, I think she is dying."

Mr. Lester made no reply—only let fall the glasses that rested across his nose. Their gold chain went down with a chink.

"And she is dying of hunger," Maria continued, catching up her breath with a sobbing sigh. "Dying of hunger, papa."

"Don't talk absurdly," reproved Mr. Lester.

"Papa, it is so. She cannot eat the coarse food they can alone procure, and she is sinking for want of the delicacies necessary for her condition. Miss Bordillion has helped them till she has little left for herself. Oh, papa, my heart feels as if it would burst."

"Why do you tell me this?"

"I could not be disobedient without telling you. Dear papa, will you not assist them? Just a little, to get Edith a few things until she is stronger."

"I will not," affirmed Mr. Lester, in a deliberate tone. "Your brother and his wife have brought this upon themselves, and they must abide by it. You cannot go near them again."

"Papa, I pray you do not impose that command upon me," she implored in agitation. "I am not sure—dear papa, pardon my saying so—but I am not sure that I could strictly obey it. He is my brother; he is deserted of all. I fear it may be my duty to stand by him, even though you bade me not. Do not bar all intercourse; I will promise very rarely to go; never, unless occasion should seem to require; and if you like, when that shall happen, I will tell you that I have been. Our mother is dead; you have other ties; but Wilfrod and I are alone."

No reply made Mr. Lester. Maria waited, but none came; and she turned and quitted the room with a slow step.

CHAPTER XVII.

A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

Had Miss Lester quitted her father's study with a hasty step instead of a slow one, she would probably have run over Tiffie; for that damsel had had her ear glued to the door throughout the greater portion of the interview. Tiffie proceeded to Lady Adelaide's dressing-room, closed the door with a mysterious air, and turned up the whites of her eyes.

"Such treason and plots as is being hatched, my lady; that of Guy Fox's was nothing in compirison. There's Miss Lester been shut up with master till this blessed minute, a pleading for them two married ones, and declaring that she has been to see 'em, and is going again."

"Impossible," returned Lady Adelaide; "Miss Lester would not disobey expressed commands."

"She has disobeyed 'em, my lady. And she has been a making up a tale to her pa, that them two are famishing, and ought to be helped. My lady, if you don't mind, master will take 'em into favor again, and allow 'em a income, to the wronge of the dear little cherybums at home, your ladyship's own. I—I—I'd let 'em famish, if it was me," emphatically.

"They deserve nothing better," said Lady Adelaide. "Does he go out at night still?"

"Oh, don't he!" replied Tiffie. "Last night as ever was, he and that Drake and young Beecher was on my lord's grounds," she continued, sinking her voice. "Let it go on a bit, my lady. He'll be dropped upon."

"Where do you get your information, Tiffie?" demanded Lady Adelaide.

"My lady, I do get it, and it's for the good of the family I'm proud to serve. If I pay all my wages away in bribes, I don't regret it, so long as I can render service to your ladyship and the precious little ones. But to say precisely how, when and where I do get the information, is beyond me, and your ladyship must excuse my saying so. Let them two once get the upperhand of master, and they'd be for turning us out of house and home."

Before more was said, a loud knock, as of a visitor, was heard at the hall door. Tiffie, who seemed to make it her business to watch everybody's business in the house, as keenly as a cat watches a mouse, left the room with a spring, and planted herself where she could see down into the hall. The visitor admitted, she came back.

"Is it Lord Dane?" inquired Lady Adelaide.

"Not at all, my lady. It's that young man that is lodging at the Sailor's Rest—that Mr. Lydney who was hooked up in the life-boat. I saw Miss Lester walking with him just now, so she has invited of him to tea, no doubt."

"Saw Miss Lester walking with him! Invited him to tea!" reiterated Lady Adelaide. "What are you saying, Tiffie?"

"Oh, my lady, they have growed to be upon quite close terms of friendship," carelessly replied Tiffie. "Miss Lester is forever meeting of him at Miss Bordillion's, where he have got intimate."

Mr. Lydney, however, had not come to tea or to visit Miss Lester. His business was with Mr. Lester, and into his study he was shown. Not many minutes had he quitted Maria, when it occurred to him that Mr. Leslie, in his magisterial capacity, might be of service to him. Mr. Lester received him cordially. A speaking acquaintanceship had grown up between them since the night of the wreck, and he liked young Lydney much. Miss Bordillion had also informed him of the service he had rendered Maria. "Saved her life," Miss Bordillion expressed it. But Mr. Lester laughed at that.

"I must ask you to pardon my calling upon you at this unseasonable hour—unseasonable for business," began Mr. Lydney, as he took the chair placed for him. "You are, I believe, in the commission of peace for the county?"

"I am," replied Mr. Lester.

"Then will you allow me to request you to grant a warrant to search Dane Castle?"

Had Mr. Lester been applied to for a warrant to search his own house inside and out, he could not have evinced more surprise.

"Search Dane Castle!" he echoed.

"You probably have heard, Mr. Lester, the details of the loss of my box this day, for Daneshold is a small place, famous for tale-bearing, and a transaction taking place at one end of it at ten in the morning, would be known at the other by ten minutes past——"

"That is so," interrupted Mr. Lester, with a laugh. "And I believe I am as cognizant of the circumstances attending the loss of the box as you can be."

"Then, Mr. Lester, I will go on. That box, rely upon it, is in Dane Castle, and I must have it found."

"What grounds can you possibly entertain for coming to that conclusion?" slowly uttered Mr. Lester. "Lord Dane can have no motive for detaining or concealing the box. He would only be too glad to hand it over to you, you being the owner."

"I draw my deductions from facts," returned the young man. "What right—nay, I will say what motive—had Lord Dane to interfere with my box at all? Mitchel told him it was mine, and that I was about to remove it."

"I do not myself see any necessity there was for his doing so," reflectively replied Mr. Lester. "As to his motive, it must have been zeal, over zeal that no harm should come to the things, your box among them. Were I to conjecture, I should say the box fell from the cart, unseen, on its way to the castle."

"I think that would scarcely be your conjecture did you know how heavy the box was, Mr. Lester. It could not well fall unseen or unheard, and one of the men walked behind the cart. Besides, it was seen to be carried into the castle."

Mr. Lester pricked up his ears. The last little bit of information was new to him.

"By whom?" he eagerly asked. "I understood it had not been observed whether it was positively taken in or not."

"A somewhat noted young gentleman of your vicinity, Shad by name, saw it go in——"

Mr. Lester interrupted with a burst of laughter, and it was some moments before he recovered himself, so entirely did the avowal excite his mirth.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lydney, but the remark proved how great a stranger you are to our village politics and to Shad. Why he is the falsest boy you can conceive; he tells more lies in an hour than another lad would in a lifetime. I doubt if he ever spoke a word of truth yet, knowing it to be truth.

"I agree with you in all that," replied Mr. Lydney, who had sat perfectly composed until the laugh was over. "From my limited observation of the boy I should judge him to be an exceedingly bad boy—an habitual and systematic deceiver. Nevertheless, I avow to you my belief that in this one instance he has told me truth. Depend upon it he can tell truth, if it suits his purposes of self-interest. He said the two men carried the box into the castle, it being nearly the last thing taken out of the cart, and that Lord Dane's butler followed them in. I repeat to you, Mr. Lester, my conviction that this account was in accordance with fact."

"Can you suspect any of the servants of having cribbed it?" hastily asked Mr. Lester. "Bruff is as honest as the day—a most respectable man—was butler to the old Lord Dane."

"No; I cannot suspect the servants. By what I hear, they never went near the box."

And this was an unlucky admission of Mr. Lydney's, for it took away all semblance of a plea for the grant of the search-warrant, that is, according to the opinions or the prejudices held by Mr. Lester.

"Whom do you suspect?" he inquired of his guest, fixing his eyes searchingly upon him.

"It is a question, Mr. Lester, that I cannot answer you. I believe the box to be in the castle, concealed by some person or persons, either intentionally or—it is just possible—inadvertently, the result of an oversight, therefore I apply to you to grant me a search-warrant."

"I am sorry to refuse," he said, at length, "but I am really not satisfied that the law would justify me in doing so. The only direct evidence that the box did go into the castle comes from that Shad; scarcely one upon whose word we could venture to thrust the insult of a search-warrant upon Lord Dane."

He spoke the last sentence in a sarcastic tone. Mr. Lydney's voice rose courteously in answer.

"I thought it might prove so. I felt that you would be chary of granting a search-warrant against Lord Dane, who is your intimate friend. Well, Mr. Lester, I can hardly blame you; perhaps in your place I should not be any the more willing."

"Nay, nay," interposed Mr. Lester; "don't put the refusal upon friendship. I do not see that the grounds are sufficient to grant a search-warrant."

"I must apply to another magistrate," observed the young man.

"Of course that is entirely at your option. I do not think you will find another more willing to grant it than I. If you do, I am not sure that it would serve you."

"Why not?"

"Lord Dane is higher in the commission of peace than we are; we are but country magistrates; he is the lord-lieutenant; as such, we are under his authority—under his thumb. Were a warrant to search his house issued by one of us, I am not sure but he has the power to draw his pen down it, and render it null and void. I say that I am not certain of this, Mr. Lydney, for I would not willingly mislead you; but I fancy it would prove to be the fact."

Not a very consolatory suggestion for William Lydney. He rose to leave. Mr. Lester rose also.

"Will you spend an hour or two with us this evening, and be introduced to Lady Adelaide?" said the latter. "We are just going to tea."

"I shall be very happy," was the answer. "I have thought once or twice that I should like to know Lady Adelaide."

But no sooner had Mr. Lester given the invitation than he repented of it, for it occurred to him how exceedingly awkward it would be did Lord Dane come in, as he mostly did now of an evening. It might be anything but pleasant for two men to meet in social intercourse, one of whom was applying for a search-warrant against the other. Mr. Lester accordingly sat upon thorns, but his guest spent a remarkably pleasant evening, completely gaining the favor of Lady Adelaide. Lord Dane did not make his appearance.

Bearing in mind the doubt expressed by Mr. Lester whether Lord Dane might not quash any warrant issued by a magistrate, Mr. Lydney determined to apply direct to the police, and on the following morning proceeded to the station. The inspector was not there; one of the subordinate officers heard the story, and then asked what it was that he required—what was the object of his application.

"I want the assistance of the police to aid in discovering this box," was the reply. "I wish Dane Castle to be searched for it."

The policeman gave a slight shake of the head, which seemed to argue rather unfavorably for Lydney's demand. He could not take any such responsibility upon himself, he observed, but he would report the application to his superior, and the gentleman had better call again.

Little indeed was Mr. Lydney acquainted with the usages of the neighborhood, and with Lord Dane's sway in it, if he supposed the police could receive such an application and not make his lordship acquainted with it. The inspector himself carried it to the castle in the course of the day, and Lord Dane accorded him a private interview.

"Search the castle, forsooth!" ironically ejaculated his lordship. "It were more to the purpose that he permitted himself to be searched; that he declared who and what he is. Look at the facts, inspector. Here's a young man saved from a wreck with what he stands upright in, taken up his abode at a public house, and worms himself into the best houses of the neighborhood, on a footing of equality. He is obstinately silent as to his antecedents; that he has been asked of them, I know, but he does not answer. How can we tell that he is not an adventurer, a chevalier d'industrie? For my own part, I believe him to be one, and that it will turn out so in the end; I have my reasons for thinking so. He spent last evening at Squire Lester's."

"Did he, indeed, my lord?" returned the inspector, in a tone of dismay, taking his cue from the peer.

"At Miss Bordillion's he is intimate; at other houses he is intimate; he has contrived to scrape acquaintance with my own sister—places, all, where he has insinuated himself. Yesterday evening he was actually walking in the wood with—with——"—Lord Dane arrested the words on the tip of his tongue, and then substituted others—"with a young lady; a young lady of the highest consideration."

"Why, there's no knowing what it may end in, if he really is an adventurer," cried the inspector.

"It will end in the neighborhood's having cause to repent its folly, its credulity," returned Lord Dane. "With regard to the box he claims—and I dare say it is just as much his as it is yours or mine——" But here his lordship summoned Bruff and the key, and marched the inspector to the strong room.

"Here they are, the things that came from the wreck," continued Lord Dane, pointing to the articles which lay on the floor, just as they had done the previous day. "Does it stand to common sense that if the box had been brought to this room it could have vanished out of it, the door being secured fast? Why that box more than any other? No, Mr. Inspector, if the box had been here at all, here it would be still. Who is to know that he did not contrive to get it from the cart himself, and is making this fuss to put you police off the scent that he has got it?"

"A not-improbable supposition, if he forked what did not belong to him," cried the inspector. "A pretty fellow he, to talk of a search-warrant for the castle!"

"I'd see him hanging from the yard-arm of the tallest ship in the harbor before he should execute it," haughtily spoke his lordship. "But I am far from imposing the same impediment upon you, inspector. If you choose, for your own satisfaction, to go through every room and examine every nook and corner of the castle, you are at liberty to do so. Bruff will guide you, or you may go alone, as you please. Here's the trestle-closet; begin with that."

"My lord, for my own satisfaction I should certainly not need to do so; if it would be for your lordship's satisfaction, I will. You do not cast a doubt to any of the servants?" he added, lowering his tone.

"The servants?" echoed Lord Dane, with a pause and a stare, as though the idea to suspect them had not before occurred to him. "No, I don't; what should they want with the box? But—there, you had better go through the castle; it will set the matter at rest."

Accordingly the inspector did go through the castle, searching it thoroughly, but found no trace of the lost box. Lord Dane's manner had changed to one of chilling hauteur when the officer rejoined him.

"And when this man—Lydney, or whatever his name is—shall presume to speak to you again of a search-warrant for Dane Castle, inquire a little as to who he may be, and what he may be doing here, and where he comes from," said his lordship. "Understand me, inspector; you have my orders to do this; find out what you can, and report to me."

"Very good, my lord," said the inspector; and, bowing low, he backed out from the presence of Lord Dane.

The inspector was much occupied that day, and it was not till evening that Mr. Lydney succeeded in finding him. The inspector did not at first tell him that he would not accord his application; he fenced with the question. He went to work in his own cautious manner, every eye and ear open to gather what he could of the applicant and his belongings.

"Am I to understand," he demanded, "that you accuse Lord Dane of stealing the box?"

"No; I do not accuse him of that, not feeling sufficiently sure of my grounds," was the bold answer. "That Lord Dane had the box taken away in the cart is indisputable; that it must have reached the castle appears almost equally indisputable; and also, in my opinion, that it entered it. Where, then, is the box? Lord Dane does not give it up; he either cannot or he will not; one of the two; and the only course of action left to me, the only approach to redress, is to have the castle searched by the police."

"Were those proceedings adopted they would carry with them an outrage, an insult upon Lord Dane," urged the inspector. "You must remember who and what he is—a peer of Great Britain; lord-lieutenant of the county; lord of the manor; a man of high character——"

"High character?" interrupted the young gentleman.

"Yes, high character," warmly repeated the inspector, "and very high character, too. What, to the contrary, has ever been breathed against Lord Dane? But it's of no good wandering from the point like this. The fact is, sir, to speak plainly, before we can listen to any charge or slur on Lord Dane, we must know who it is that would prefer it."

"Am I to understand that the police refuse their assistance to me in my efforts to recover the box?"

"Not at all," more cordially replied the inspector; "we should be very glad to find it, for our own satisfaction. What we decline to do is to act in any offensive manner towards Lord Dane. But now, sir, I am not ill-natured, and if it will ease your mind at all to know it, I can testify that if you did get the search executed, it would be fruitless, for the box is not in the castle."

"You cannot know that it is not."

"I never testify to a thing that I don't know," coolly returned the officer. "I searched the castle myself for it this day."

"You?"

"I did; searched it effectively and thoroughly; there was not a space the size of that," holding up two fingers of his hand, "that I did not go into. I did it by Lord Dane's wish—for of course it was not an absolute impossibility, though next door to it, that the servants had not made free with the box. It is nowhere in the castle."

To say that Lydney was completely astonished at the information, would be saying little. He had fully made up his mind that the box *was* in the castle.

"Then where can it be? what can have become of it?" he exclaimed aloud.

"I can't say; to my mind, it's a queer business altogether. It's as uncertain a case as ever came under our care. We shall keep a sharp lookout. It is your own box, I think you said?" the inspector carelessly added, with a keen, rapid glance of the eyes.

"I did not say so," was the unexpected answer. "It was in my charge, and I have authority to claim it; but neither the box nor its contents belonged to me."

"May I inquire whose it was?"

"When the box shall be found," was Mr. Lydney's rejoinder, suppressing a peculiar smile. "You may ask then, and will be satisfactorily answered. Would it be of any use," he resumed, as though the thought had that instant struck him, "to offer a reward?"

"Well, it might," said the inspector. "Particularly if any customer like that young Shad should have got hold of it. Yes; a reward might bring the box back."

"Then be so good as to take the necessary steps to announce it. Spare no trouble, no time, no expense; you shall be well repaid."

"Very good, sir. What shall we say? five pounds? ten pounds?—for the reward, I mean?"

"Offer a thousand pounds," quietly rejoined Mr. Lydney. "A thousand pounds to be paid to any one who shall restore the box intact."

Surprise and the munificent amount both combined, sent the inspector staggering backwards.

"A thousand pounds!" he stammered. "The box must be valuable, sir, and you rich to offer that."

"The box, to its owner, is invaluable," replied Mr. Lydney. "And the reward I offer would be paid from his pocket, not from mine."

He quitted the station-house as he concluded, and the inspector followed him to the door, and looked after him down the street.

"I said it was queer, and it is," was his mental comment. "A thousand pounds!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANIMAL WONDERS.

In each grain of sand there are marvels; in every drop of water a world. In the great spectacle called Nature every being has its marked place and distinct *role*, and in the grand drama called life there presides a law as harmonious as that which rules the movement of the stars. Each hour removes by death myriads of existences, and each hour produces legions of new lives. The highest as well as the lowest created organism consumes carbon and water to support life and its duties, and it is not uninteresting to glance at the food, the habits and the ways and means peculiar to some of the inferior animals. From their petrified ejections we know what such fossilized reptiles as the plesiosaurus, etc., are, and may some day be able to discover the fish crustacea they hunted down.

Animals when not living by their own respectable efforts are either parasites or dependents; many would seem to have positive trades, or are connected with branches of industry. There are miners, masons, carpenters, paper manufacturers and weavers, lacemakers, even, all working first for themselves and next to propagate their kind. The miners dig into the earth, from natural arches and supports remove the useless soil; such as the mole, the chinchilla of Peru, the badger, the lion ant, as well as certain worms and molluscs. The masons build huts and palaces according to all the rules of architecture, as the bees and tropical ants; there are fish that construct boats the waves cannot upset, and Agassiz has drawn attention to a fish which builds its nest on the floating seaweed in the middle of the ocean, and deposits therein its eggs. Spiders are weavers as well as lacemakers; one species constructs a diving-bell, another a palace of lace. When the astronomer had need of the most delicate thread for his telescope he applies to a tiny spider. When the naturalist desires to test his microscope he selects a certain shell of a sea insect, so small that several millions of them in water could not be visible to the naked eye, and yet no microscope has been made sufficiently powerful to reveal the beautiful variegated designs on the atomic shells.

NEVER GO BACK.—What you attempt, do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

FAILURE after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

STORY OF AN ELEPHANT.

Elephants have a decided liking for a military life. Various regiments, while serving in the East, have had such an animal, which often rendered good service to the corps to which he might be attached.

The King's Rangers at one time were in possession of a fine female of enormous size, which for many years was never once absent from parade. As soon as the bugles sounded she would walk majestically to the place of muster and take up her position, always at the right of the column.

If the mahout or driver presented himself, the elephant would lift him on to his shoulders with his trunk, and evidently without the slightest effort to himself; but if left to his own unaided intelligence, he obeyed the ordinary words of command, without ever making a mistake, such as "Right face!" "March!" "Mark time!" "Halt!" and so on.

He insisted at all times on giving help to the men whenever they engaged in loading or unloading baggage, and was pleased to be allowed to make himself useful.

When the wagons were impeded on march, as not unfrequently occurred, Jock was duly sensible of his own importance, for, by his enormous strength, he would push a heavy load up a steep declivity, which six or eight oxen failed to do unassisted.

It happened that the Rangers were suddenly ordered to embark for China, and there were no accommodations for taking Jock on shipboard. To the great disappointment of the men the authorities decided that he should be left in India. He was, however, permitted to accompany the regiment as far as the quay to watch the troops as they went on board, many of whom had a parting word of kindness for their old comrade.

"Good-bye, old man!" "Poor old Jock!" were repeated, with many variations, by both officers and men.

Meanwhile the animal watched the proceedings with great apparent interest, as if wondering when his own turn would come to go on board, but when the vessel steamed off and left him ashore, he became frantic with rage and disappointment.

It had been proposed that he should be transferred to another corps, but he persistently refused to have anything to do with it. Neither the coaxing nor the threats of his mahout were of any avail.

Though he had previously manifested the gentlest disposition, he now threateningly repelled all kindly advances on the part of his new comrades, and at length he became so savage that it was deemed expedient to place him in confinement. Even the mahout was several times placed in a very awkward predicament, and on one occasion barely escaped with his life.

No means could be found to assuage the grief or to calm the anger of this faithful creature who so constantly mourned the loss of his friends; but in a little less than two years the Rangers came back to their old quarters, and were informed of the melancholy change in their old comrade.

"No go near—no touch, sahib; he strike very hard," said the mahout. "He kill!"

"Why, Jock, my boy," said a young officer, formerly one of his special friends; "what's the matter?"

The animal pricked up his ears, and instantly recognized his voice, which was proved by his manifesting unmistakable signs and sounds of joy.

It was quite affecting to see, when he was once more permitted to repair to the parade ground, with what kindly recognition he embraced many of his companions, placing his trunk tenderly on their necks and shoulders.

We need hardly say he was at once reinstated in his old regimental post, the duties of which he recommenced to discharge as if no interruption had taken place.

CINDERELLA.

The following is said to be the origin of the story of Cinderella: About the year 1780, a French actor named Thenevard observed upon a cobbler's stall, in the streets of Paris, a female shoe, which struck him as being remarkably small. After admiring for some time its diminutiveness and the elegance of its form, he returned to his home; but the fairy little shoe haunted his slumbers, and in the morning he re-appeared at the stall, and asked the cobbler who was its owner. The man could give no further clue than that the shoe had been left at his stall to be repaired. Thenevard was obliged to be satisfied with this vague response for the time being; but day after day he repaired to the stall to make inquiries whether the owner of the shoe had called for it. Still no owner came; and Thenevard allowed his strange fancy to get the better of his reason, and became dull and low spirited, and even began to get unwell in consequence of this strange freak of admiration. He still, however, crawled daily to the stall, and at length his patience and perseverance was rewarded by the appearance of a beautiful little peasant girl, who had left the shoe to be repaired on a former visit to the capital. The girl was about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and belonging to the poorer class of society; but she was modest in manner, beauteous in face, and as graceful in form as the little shoe itself. The actor was rich, and past sixty years of age. Nevertheless he disclosed his ideal attachment to the beauteous maiden, and, despite his age, was accepted. The parents of the girl consented to the match. If it were not a libel on the character of the fair sex, we might add, perhaps the wealth and the valuable presents made by her antiquated suitor made some impression on the fair maiden herself. Certain it is, as the story books say, they became man and wife, lived happily together; and when the old husband died, he left his young and pretty wife a large fortune. This is the true and faithful history of Cinderella and the glass slipper, a tale which has enchanted many thousands of little boys and girls, and probably will enchant many more for many long years to come.

PUBLIC OPINION.—Most people need all the strength which a high-toned opinion can give to them to keep them true to their conscience and their Creator; and that opinion is partly formed by what we do and what we are. Strive earnestly then to order your life with a wise simplicity. Be frugal in the shows and generous in the substance of life. Set the example so greatly needed of wholesome moderation. Show that you care for character above all else.

FACETIÆ

FOOT-NOTES.—Dance music.

A FLORAL SWELL.—The *dandelion*.

RELATIVE BEAUTY.—A pretty cousin.

IF a young lady bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

IF your wife is good, kiss her for reward. If she isn't, kiss her for punishment.

"LUNATIC PRINCE" is the name given to the fashion of cropping the hair and letting the ends hang down over the forehead.

AN anti-hymeneal punster says that the recriminations of married people resemble the sounds of the waves on the sea shore—being the murmurs of the tied.

FOND MOTHER—"John, do look at that child. It has your watch in its mouth and will swallow it!"

John (who is a bachelor brother-in-law and very fond of babies)—"Oh! don't be the least alarmed. I've got hold of the chain. It can't go far." Tableau.

FIT FOR WIVES.—"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience.

"They are fit for husbands," responded a feminine voice; "but the difficulty is that *you men* are not fit for wives."

The applause was great, as was the discomfiture of the lecturer.

COURTSHIP is one of those things, you know, that are much more easily imagined than described. But we have a definition given on the witness stand in an amusing breach-of-promise case. The counsel for the plaintiff remonstrated with the witness for using the word. "I am," said he, "an old bachelor, and don't understand courtship. How is it done? What is courtship?"

The witness, who, being a married lady, might reasonably be expected to answer by the light of her own experience, defined it thus: "Looking at each other, taking hold of each other's hands, and all that kind of thing."

THE following delightful interchange of compliments took place at a hop given at one of our fashionable watering places last week.

Middle-aged party (envious of the belle of the room, and determined to put her down)—"How admirably your dressmaker has altered your dress! I vow I hardly recognized it as the one you wore last year!"

Young party (with outraged feelings, owing to the consciousness that the insulted garb had come direct from Worth's, and was now worn for the first time)—"Yes, it is nicely done, I think. By the way, tell me, Mrs. X——, where did you procure your new teeth? They are perfectly lovely; but I must say that I liked your last year's false hair much better than that you now wear."

Stately courtesies on both sides, and a mutual resolve never to recognize that creature again.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

PUZZLE

U 0 a 0, but I 0 thee;
O 0 no 0, but O 0 me!
Let not my 0 a 0 go,
But return 0 0, I 0 thee so.

ENIGMAS

1.

I'm used by all in various ways,
And numerous are the fleeting days
Which constitute our year—
Outside and in, the latter most,
While often at prodigious cost
My vot'ries persevere.

In every color I am found,
In every country, too, abound,
Where human beings reign;
But prevalent more do I become,
As social habits show, with some
Who never lose my stain.

All their own fault through sheer abuse—
Perversion of legitimate use
Of my surprising power;
For, though my wrongs bad actions tell,
I'm still an indispensable,
And wondrous blessings shower.

2.

It stands before me as I write,
In pleasing colors dress'd;
'Twas pluck'd at morn by maiden's hands—
'Twas chosen, as the best;
'Tis portion of your face, (in part)
'Tis what you were in youth;
'Tis even a bard—and of its kind
Is this sweet verse, in sooth.

TWELVE BURIED POETS

1. It was a dreadful burn, she nearly fainted.
2. Now I have a sheep and a cow, perhaps you will bid me good morrow.
3. Poor horse, how it toils up the hill!
4. Mark my words, worth makes the man.
5. The man sent three to choose from.
6. I have bought the land on that condition.
7. After the weather had been very dry, dense fogs ensued.
8. I will dispense, Robert, with your services.
9. He was struck by a shell, eyesight totally destroyed.
10. You should read this book by Ronguist.
11. I have not had the horse long, Fellows sent it me.
12. Was Mary's hen stoned to death by those cruel boys? N. O.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 6, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 52, Vol. 54.

REBUS.—Unite, Untie.

PUZZLES.—1. Bacon, No cab. 2. Ague, Plague.

ENIGMA.—The letter T.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Apricot, Blossom.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

L
WIN
SEVER
FRIENDS
LIVERPOOL
PROPOSE
DROOP
COW
L

THE SWEETEST SONGS.

The sweetest songs that were ever sung
Are those that please the best,
Though sorrow and grief and tears are wring
From some o'erburdened breast;
Though the words breathe only of mirth and bloom,
And the strains are the gladdest and lightest,
Remember that after a night of gloom,
The rays of the sun are brightest.

The rain must fall ere the Spring-time grass
Grows tender and green and sweet;
Through the pangs of travail a soul must pass,
Ere a song is born complete.
After a winter of storm and snow,
Blossom the buds in our bowers;
After a season of tears and woe
Bloss m the poet's flowers.

There are few who give the poet a thought,
When they read the pleasing strain;
There are few who know that a poem is wrought
Through sorrow and tears and pain.
The merriest song and the lightest lay
And those that are sweetest and gladdest,
Are woven in gloomy and cheerless ray,
When the poet's heart is saddest.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"How oddly things come about," Mrs. Marshall said, coming into the room where her sister and two daughters were busily engaged in the manufacture of two elaborate evening dresses.

"A deep and philosophical remark, mamma," said May Marshall, looking up rather saucily. "Pray what occasioned it?"

"You won't know anything about it," was the reply, "but your Aunt Effie will."

Miss Effie Selwyn looked up in her turn, twisting, as she did so, a bright blue ribbon into a tasty knot.

"Mrs. Montgomery has just called," said Mrs. Marshall, "and tells me that her brother Harold will be home in time for Mrs. Grant's party."

The knot of blue satin ribbon was suddenly crushed out of all shape by the quick, convulsive grasp of Miss Effie Selwyn's fingers, while about that lady's lips gathered a whiteness and moisture that threatened a fainting fit.

For a moment the room looked dark, and the voices sounded far away and indistinct—only for a moment; then she roused herself to see that her agitation had been unnoticed, and to hear her niece Carrie saying:

"I never knew Mrs. Montgomery had a brother."

"Probably not," said Mrs. Marshall. "He has been in California for—how many years is it, Effie?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve years!" cried May. "No wonder you think Carrie and I know nothing about him. He must be as old as his sister."

"Let me see, he was about twenty-three when he went away," said Mrs. Marshall, musingly. "He is not more than thirty-five. That is still young for a man."

She looked as she spoke at her pretty blooming girls of eighteen and twenty, and vaguely called to mind the stories she had heard of the large fortune Harold Russel had gathered together during his exile.

Then she gave herself a little mental shake, thinking:

"Pshaw! I am not going to turn into a manœuvring mother yet," and taking a needle, also engaged in the work of ball-dress making.

For Mrs. Grant's party was to be an event in the quiet little town of Heydou, the hostess residing in the largest and most stately mansion, and opening upon gala nights a long, wide parlor that was the delight of dancing feet.

The Misses Marshall, brightest of blondes, were to appear at the coming festival in clouds of white tulle with blue trimmings; and the multitudinous skirts, puffs, and ruffles demanded by fashion, required busy stitching for weary hour beforehand.

Miss Selwyn had also been bidden to the party, but "Aunt Effie never went anywhere," the girls said, so there was no dress preparing for her adornment.

As her needle went in and out, through cloudy tulle and lustrous satin, Effie Selwyn thought:

"Coming home! Home to what? Oh, the bitter folly of the past! May and Carrie are now light-hearted and gay, as I was when Harold Russell and I clasped hands, with a promise to be all in all each to the other. Only one little year of happiness, and he left me. How long was it? A year, two years, before I knew that he thought me false to him, never guessing that it was Kate's betrothed husband he saw me greet so warmly, when I never guessed he was near. A brother's caress and kiss worked all the misery. Poor sister Kate, she never knew the anguish her handsome lover caused me. Well, they are far away, happy in their home, and I—what of me? Can it be that I am so foolish as to think the old days can ever come again? If Harold Russell loves now, it will be some brilliant girl, not the faded shadow of his old love!"

The eventful evening came at last, and the girls were shut up in their room preparing for conquest.

Mrs. Marshall was likewise engaged in toilet mysteries.

In her own room, with the door securely fastened, Effie Selwyn was, she said in her own heart, "making a goose" of herself.

A very fair and satisfactory goose she made, as her preparations were completed, though her own criticism was not complimentary.

"I am but a faded old maid, after all." Was she?

Her thirty years of peaceful life, with only one heart struggle, had left her face as smooth as in girlhood.

"Considering it is twelve years since I wore this dress and flowers, I do not look so antiquated. A train is always a train, and I suppose the overskirt modernizes it," thought Effie.

Then she went to a box hidden away in her bureau drawer, and from its most secret corner she took a ring, wrapped carefully in soft cotton.

"Dare I?" she whispered, turning it round under the gaslight, and showing the device, an enameled violet, with a flashing diamond for its heart. "Will he despise me if I put it on?" she thought. "Will he think I am too easily won back again? Should I despise the hasty judgment that led him to condemn me unheard, twelve long, long years ago?"

She hesitated some moments, then put the ring upon the fore-finger of her left hand, turning it so that the violet was hidden, and only a plain gold band seemed added to the other rings.

Voices in the hall roused her from a dreamy reverie over the diamond-hearted violet, hidden so long in her jewel box, and she left her room to meet her sister and nieces.

The evening was half gone, and Effie had only seen at a distance the tall figure and handsome face of the hero of the evening. He was much altered, Effie thought; contrasting the dignified bearing and grave face with the sunny-faced, impulsive young man who had been her lover in past years. Yet, as the hours flew by, she caught herself recognizing certain expressions; and once her heart beat tumultously, as a familiar laugh rang out upon the air. It was by her own movements that she prevented the recognition she dreaded, while she longed to have it over.

More than once she had screened herself from a tall figure approaching the place where she stood, and more than once the violet silk had flitted into another room just as Harold Russell thought he could touch it.

There had been much dancing, when a small party collected round the grand piano, begging Miss Selwyn to sing. It was well known that she had a splendid voice, carefully educated.

Very reluctantly the lady drew off her white gloves, and seated herself before the piano. The little hands struck two rich, full chords. Then, in a clear, sweet voice, she sang.

The second verse was sung, when close beside the singer a deep bass voice joined in the chorus.

Quick crimson flushes passed over Effie's cheeks, but she sang steadily, at every chorus the voice she knew so well joining her own.

Nobody else noticed it, but with each verse these voices, so long estranged, grew stronger, clearer, more jubilant.

Harold Russell, affecting to turn over some music, said, in a low voice:

"Can we indeed be as in 'Auld Lang Syne,' Effie? Can you forgive me?"

For answer, she slowly turned the ring upon her finger, until he recognized the device he had chosen for her twelve years ago.

"Mamma," May Marshall whispered, "do you see Aunt Effie dancing with Mr. Russell? I do not see one young couple so handsome and distinguished-looking as they are."

A sudden memory flashed over Mrs. Marshall.

"The last time Effie wore that violet silk," she thought, "she danced with Harold Russell, and the next thing we heard of him he was on his way to California. I remember now, Effie soon after began to withdraw from society. I wonder——"

Here her meditations were interrupted by the people in question.

"Mrs. Marshall," the gentleman said, "have you no welcome for me? I ask for one as a 'man and a brother.'"

"You shall have it, though Effie has told me nothing in your absence."

"There was nothing to tell. We have only to-night renewed the—the——"

"The vows," said the gentleman, gaily, "of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

THE REVIEWER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Wide Awake. A Magazine for Girls and Boys. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

We have received the second number of this new Boston magazine for Girls and Boys. It opens with an exquisite engraving "The Little Shepherdess," which is the subject of a poem by Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith. Rossiter Johnson, the compiler of Osgood's "Little Classics," has an excellent story. Three D. D.'s are represented by contributors. The serials grow in interest, and there is evidently first-class work upon every page. We predict for this new juvenile a steady growth inwardly and outwardly.

Popular Resorts, and How to Reach Them, combining a brief description of the Principal Summer Retreats in the United States, and the routes of travel leading to them. By John W. Bachelder. Boston. George A. Foxcroft, Jr., General Agent, 41 45 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

This is a very handsome illustrated volume of 260 pages, just issued for the season of 1875, containing much valuable information for the tourist and traveler. It does not claim to be a guide-book, it is rather a Gazetteer of Pleasure-Travel in the United States, and fills a place in illustrated literature heretofore unoccupied. While it gives clearly the information required by the tourist, it also forms a beautiful table-book, valuable either as a souvenir of travel, or a descriptive work on popular localities, and illustrated by one hundred and fifty wood-cuts of noted places, each made from the spot, and showing how much there is to see close at hand, if the tourist chooses to look for it. The routes of travel, hotels and objects of interest are carefully given, and the book has now an excellent reputation by its previous issues, which is well supported by the handsome volume presented by Mr. Bachelder for 1875.

A Double Wedding; or, How She Was Won. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

This is a new work by the author of "The Household of Bouverie," which was pronounced by competent judges to be one of the most remarkable books ever written. There is a fascination of mystery and romance in "A Double Wedding" which excites the interest of its readers to an intense degree; the plot is skilfully conducted, and we predict for it as great a popularity as her previous work. It has, however, one fault, and that by no means a trivial one, viz., the too frequent use of French phrases and sentences, bad enough when quoted correctly, but infinitely worse when full of errors as in this instance: errors, too, which cannot be attributed, in every case, to the compositor, we are compelled to say. We hope Mrs. Warfield in her next work, will confine herself to plain English.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. By Miss Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

This book will derive especial interest from the fact that the writer is a daughter of the late Charles Dickens, and it is a well-written story of love, selfishness and retribution, prettily told.

Music.—We have received from W. W. Whitney, publisher, Toledo, Ohio, the following new music: "Nellie's Cottage Home," Song and Chorus. Words by R. L. Cary. Music by W. A. Ogden. Florence Polka Mazurka, by Theodore Ecker.

From F. W. Helmich, publisher, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Pretty Little Jakey," Comic Song and Chorus. Words by O. T. Marks. Music by P. M. Stokes. "Darling Aroon," written and composed by Harry Percy.

From Edw. A. Samuels, Boston, Mass.: "I think of Thee," words by Aileen Percy. Music by E. Brooks. "Darling Little May," words by Aileen Percy. Music by F. J. Keller.

LOST IN A FOG.

BY J. F. C.

I.

In one of the summer months of the year 185— application was made to a great London insurance company to insure the life of Mr. Andrew Macfarlane, of Raw Material street, Manchester, for a very heavy sum. Mr. Macfarlane was not a young man, being described by himself as between forty and fifty, and the sum was of such an unusual amount, that the company thought it necessary to use more than ordinary caution. They therefore stipulated upon seeing the gentleman personally, and having him examined by two of their own medical men in their own office in London, in addition to the usual preliminary investigation.

Mr. Macfarlane accordingly appeared one morning, looking a most robust and healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a fine, broad, ruddy, close-shaven face and iron-gray hair. The examination was pronounced satisfactory in the extreme. Mr. Macfarlane was a more than usually healthy person, and the policy was granted without delay.

One morning in November of the same year London was shrouded in one of its densest fogs. That combination of smoke and vapor to be met with in its full perfection in no other part of the globe, pervaded street and river. Fog had reigned supreme over the metropolis the whole of the previous day, and had become so thick at night that foot passengers had great difficulty in finding their way along the streets; the crossing of a wide street or square looked like diving into some dark and unexplored expanse, all landmarks were swept away, the lamps were scarcely visible one from another; experienced Londoners found themselves turning the wrong corners, and the cabs and other vehicles had no chance of reaching their destination save by adhering to the curbstone.

That November morning the newspapers bore witness to the dangers of the previous day in many a lengthy catalogue of accidents. As morning broke the fog seemed likely to rule another day, but as the sun gained strength he brought with him a fresh breeze, and the fog lifting, like a vast curtain, once more disclosed to the persecuted Londoners the features of their lost city.

Light was pretty well established when a party of river-men were seen carrying the body of a drowned man up the steps of London Bridge. On coming to the top with their ghastly burden, a gentleman in a dark beard and moustaches, who had been watching their movements over the parapet, came up, and looking steadily at the dead man's face, exclaimed:

"Good God! it's poor Macfarlane!"

The men stopped; a crowd was present in an instant as if by magic; and in scarcely less time the tall and unperturbed hat of a policeman was to be observed calm and stationary above the swaying multitude.

"Do you identify this body, sir?"

"I do."

"Your name and address, if you please, sir?"

"I will go with you to the station, if you please."

"The body will go to the dead-house, sir. Perhaps you would have no objection to go there with me, first, and witness my removal of the valuables on the person of the deceased."

The gentleman accordingly accompanied the party, saw the contents of the pockets removed, and the body examined casually. There were no marks of violence upon it, and there was little doubt that it represented one of the victims of the fog, an opinion pretty freely expressed by the bystanders.

The pockets produced little or nothing leading to identification. A watch, with a chain attached to it, a locket containing hair, and ornamented with a blue cross, a purse with money all in sovereigns, a pocket-handkerchief marked in cipher, and a bunch of keys told little.

The next proceeding was to the station-house. The sergeant on duty heard the facts, took possession of the property, put certain questions, took down the gentleman's name and address—"Mr. Woodley, of Liverpool, now at the Covent Garden Hotel"—and informed him that he would be required at the inquest.

"I shall consider it my duty to attend; but, in the meantime, I must communicate this intelligence to my poor friend's wife. They came to town only the day before yesterday."

"Her attendance will be necessary, sir."

"Very well; but first I must see how she bears this cruel shock."

At the inquest, after the evidence of the finding of the body, Mr. Woodley stepped forward and deposed that he was well acquainted with the deceased, Mr. Macfarlane, of Manchester; that he and his wife had come to London on a visit only a few days previously; that he had seen the wife, who was so dreadfully affected by the shock her nervous system had sustained by this sad event, that she was dangerously ill, and totally incapable of giving evidence, of which fact he handed in a doctor's certificate; he held in his hand, he said, the marriage certificate of the deceased, which he would produce if the jury desired to see it; that he had managed to procure from the distressed lady a list of the articles on Macfarlane's person when he left home yesterday on business, since which time he had not been heard of until witness brought the sad intelligence of his untimely fate.

The divisional surgeon deposed that there were no marks of violence upon the body.

The coroner, in summing up, merely observed to the jury that it was evident this unfortunate person had been drowned in the Thames; there was no reason to suppose that he had met his death by any foul play, nor was the supposition of suicide warranted; the unfortunate man had, it appeared, gone out yesterday in the full enjoyment of his usual health, strength and intellect; they were all aware that in the dense and dangerous fog that has prevailed accidents were extremely likely to happen, especially to persons unacquainted with London; it must therefore be presumed that deceased had, by some means unknown to them, fallen into the river; the body had been satisfactorily identified by a most respectable witness, who had moreover brought from the widow a list of articles which tallied exactly with those found on the body; they had heard of the sad condition of that unhappy lady, and there appeared to him no necessity for adjourning the inquest for her presence, nothing therefore remained for them but to give their verdict according to the facts.

"Found drowned" was accordingly recorded.

The coroner observed that the body ought to be buried immediately, and ordered it to be given up to Woodley. He then made out and forwarded to the registrar the necessary information as to the cause of death and the finding of the jury.

In due time the insurance company received application on the part of Helen Macfarlane for payment of the sum insured, a regular assignment of the policy from her late husband was produced, and her claim was further supported by a copy of the entry of the registrar-general. The company felt some little hesitation at first, and postponed payment for further information. They desired to see Woodley, but on its being shown that that gentleman had quitted England, after due investigation they felt that they could not dispute the evidence, and paid the money.

II.

In that wilderness which lies west of Brompton, at the time we speak of there existed a Lilliputian cottage, wherein dwelt George Richardson, lately managing and confidential clerk, now junior partner in a merchant's house in the city. One evening in November, 185—, home came George, and startled his little wife by announcing that he must start on a secret mission to Leghorn the next day, events of importance connected with the business had occurred there requiring the presence of one of the partners, and the lot had fallen upon him as the junior in respect of age as well as of position in the firm. A steamer was to leave the river the next evening.

"Therefore," said George, "get my things ready, and I will take them with me to the office to-morrow morning, for I shall not have time to return here."

"Shall I not see you again after you leave home to-morrow morning?" asked Bessie Richardson, anxiously.

"No, darling; you must wish me good-bye then."

Bessie's face put on a disappointed look.

"Why, you silly girl, the parting must come sooner or later, and why not in the morning as well as the evening?" said he, smoothing her hair caressingly.

Bessie did not see the force of this reasoning. To a woman a good-bye is no good-bye at all unless it occurs at the very last moment.

However, it could not be helped it seemed, so the little woman bustled about and got his things to rights, and stood in the little dining-room with the tears welling up into her eyes.

The next morning, when the cab drove up to the door, there was a thick fog, and Bessie felt alarmed, as women do at parting, with a vague, undefined dread of some calamity.

"How soon shall I hear from you, George?"

"In a month, I hope; but it may be six weeks, or even more, so don't be uneasy. I will write, you may be sure, the first opportunity, and I may be back myself before my letter."

"I wish you were not going in this fog."

"Foolish girl!" kissing her. "The steamer won't start in a fog; don't alarm yourself about that. Besides, it's only the morning frost; when the sun gets up, it will be bright and clear."

She bore the parting better than could have been expected, for, truth to tell, she did not mean that to be the final one. In her secret little heart she had determined to make an expedition to the city, and have the real good-bye at the proper time, and she was looking forward joyfully to the surprise and pleasure it would be to George. So she put up a cheerful face to his, and returned his last nod from the cab with a smile.

But when, as the day advanced, the fog, instead of clearing, increased in density, and she perceived that her journey to the city was impracticable, then the reality of the parting first came full upon her. It was their first separation, and the suddenness of the thing, and the distance, and the uncertainty of the post, and, finally the breaking up of her little plan for a final and overwhelming good-bye, overcame her, and she retired to her room and was no more seen for several hours.

By afternoon the fog was so thick in the city and on the river that Richardson felt certain the steamer would not start.

"However," thought he, "I will have my trunk taken down, see the captain, and sleep on board, if necessary, to be ready directly he is able to get under weigh."

George had literally to feel his way through the narrow lanes to the river. By-and-by he found the wharf gates, but all beyond was a blank, save where some red spots of lights, looking strangely high and distant, told him of lamps enveloped in the misty cloud. Confident, however, in his knowledge of the place, but in reality deceived in all its bearings, on he went, till, in a moment, his foot trod only on the empty air, and he fell headlong—a splash—and the black river closed over him. One struggle to the surface, a desperate attempt to strike out in his thick great coat and water-logged boots, and George Richardson was swept away by the remorseless tide, only to be yielded up a corpse.

A month passed away. Bessie was daily expecting the promised letter; but the postman passed the door, or only knocked to bring any other but the looked-for envelope. George would surely be at home himself, and allay her anxiety by his presence in a day or two. Did he not say he might return before a letter could reach her?

Six weeks, and no letter. Bessie became really anxious; away she went to the senior partner: he was somewhat uneasy himself; but, so far from adding to her anxiety, he assured her there was yet no cause for alarm. They had expected to hear before from Richardson, certainly, but it was quite possible his voyage might have been longer than they calculated. His letter might have miscarried, or he might be at home himself any day; in short, the good old man almost reassured the poor little wife, and she went home more tranquil in her mind than she had been for many a day.

Two months had now elapsed, and it could no longer be concealed that there was grave cause for apprehension; but for as much as poor Bessie on every trifling occasion—to wit, when George traveled by railway—pictured to her mind the most awful accidents, or if he was half an hour late for dinner, felt a calm certainty that something had happened, so did she now resolve that nothing could be wrong, in proportion as real reasons for alarm increased, insomuch that as they became almost certainties to the reflecting masculine mind—so did they diminish to this unreasoning little woman. In fact, she dared not admit the idea into her mind; she resolutely excluded it, steadfastly clinging to that lightest bubble of hope in her sea of doubt, and resolved that darling George would be restored to her arms in good time. It could not be in Nature or in Providence that one she loved so well should never look upon her face again. So her heart reasoned.

At length, however, arrived the steamer itself, without Richardson. It was then ascertained that no one answering his description had sailed in her. His trunk, purposely left undirected in order to maintain the secrecy of his journey, was found on board. The members of the firm were now fully convinced that some fatal accident had happened to him. They sent for Bessie's brother, and begged him to break the matter to his sister, to clear up the mystery that hung upon her husband's disappearance.

We purposely pass over the horror, the incredulity, and the despair that followed one another in poor Bessie's mind when the facts broke with full force upon her. The feelings of the bereaved wife must be sacred.

Meanwhile the partners set every engine at work to discover the truth. Detective officers came to and fro, examined and cross-examined with ceaseless activity, following up the scent like hounds. The facts by degrees unfolded themselves, and it became evident that Richardson must have been drowned that night of the fog on his way to the ship.

But what became of the body? More restlessness of detectives and further circumstances were relieved of their veil of mystery. A drowned man had certainly been found the very morning after his disappearance. The body was traced to the inquest, the records of that inquiry looked up, and all doubts removed that the remains there represented as those of Macfarlane were in reality none other than those of poor Richardson. There was no possibility of direct identification at this distance of time, but a record of the articles found on the body (which had been given up to Woodley) had been preserved at the police office, and were identified by the wretched wife as the contents of her husband's pockets on the fatal day. But who and where was Woodley? What interest could he have in falsely swearing to the body? Was it a conspiracy or a mistake? More tracing of evidence; and now was found a memorandum in the registry, that the insurance company had asked for information concerning the deceased, and received a copy of the entry. This was a fresh clue; a light broke in upon the darkness which had hitherto surrounded the inquiry. The insurance company was communicated with, and after having investigated the facts, came to the irresistible conclusion that their client Macfarlane had undoubtedly given evidence of his own decease, and was, in the society of Mrs. Mac——, who had completely recovered from her indisposition—enjoying a good slice of the company's capital in some foreign country.

ALL ROUND THE FIRE.

The necessity for warmth is the origin of the circular dwellings of primitive races. The inhabitants of the hut sleep round the fire, but not necessarily with their feet to the warmth, as would be the practice of civilized men. A crouching position, sitting on the hams, with the back bared and exposed to the fire, is still habitual to sundry northern races; and from examples discovered of very early burials in that posture, it is probable that thus the primitive man took his rest. It would require a good deal of practice to make the custom tolerable to us. The Turkistans have a strange habit before going to sleep of drawing their arms out of their shirt sleeves and doubling themselves up. Children among us have often a strange fancy for doubling their knees up to their chins when they go to sleep; perhaps an inherited habit that disappears in mature life. Possibly the coldness of the sheets down below has more to do with it.

The English are the only civilized race who have halted at the open fireplace; and this is owing to the wonderful supply of wood originally, and subsequently of coal, and a certain characteristic impatience of a confined atmosphere, that a more economic mode of warming houses has not been adopted. It is not unlikely that the increased demand for and cost of coal may drive them to some such devices.

Some ideas on this head might be gained from the Persians, whose warming apparatus is simple and inexpensive. "It consists of a large jar filled with charred fuel, half buried in the floor. During the day it serves the purpose of a kitchen range; at night it is covered with a wooden frame and thick wadded quilt, under which the members of the household insert their persons as far as their shoulders, whilst cushions beyond the limits of the quilt support their heads." The Greeks of Stamboul use a somewhat similar contrivance, which is like a large ottoman with a circular opening in the middle, about which the members of the family sit, with their feet on a firepot in the centre.

The Chinese have sundry economical ways of warming a house or room. Sometimes by a flue that runs through the house, and affords a sort of raised seat, which is used as a bed at night. A small quantity of fuel ignited from the outside suffices to heat the flues and warm the apartment. This plan resembles the Roman mode of warming the house by means of a hypocaust, a central fire chamber, with flues built of tiles radiating therefrom, and carrying the heated air all over the house.

The stoves of France and Germany, and of the European continent generally, are no doubt modern economic adaptations, but the Russian stove has probably a different origin—Mongolian, like so many of their customs. The primitive open fireplace among the more settled Tartars was enclosed by a chimney formed of a sort of wickerwork covered with clay or mud, in which huge fires of wood were kept constantly burning, and this funnel shaped mud-pipe is no doubt the first type of the Russian warming apparatus.

The one advantage that the present system of warming presents is a constant, if imperfect, ventilation; and engineers have not yet invented any system that insures economy of fuel, warmth, and ventilation without undue draughts.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

Cheap Tooth-Powder. — Mix together half an ounce of finely ground charcoal with one and a half ounce of prepared chalk.

Tooth-Powder for Bad Breath.—Cream of tartar and chalk, of each half an ounce; myrrh, powdered, one drachm; orris root, powdered, half a drachm; powdered bark, two drachms. Mix all together, and rub down the mass in a mortar.

Perfumed Powder for Boxes and Drawers.—Coriander powder, Florentine orris powder, powdered rose leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag-root, of each two ounces; lavender flowers, powdered, four ounces; musk, one scruple; powder of sandal-wood, one drachm. Mix.

Asphalta for Walks.—The place intended to be asphalted must be previously leveled, then put on it a coat of tar, and sift some road sand or coal ashes all over it very thickly; after this is dry repeat the operation until you have got four coats of tar, and as many of coal ashes or road sand. You will then have an excellent clean, dry, hard path. It will make excellent walks or floors for sheds, out-buildings, etc., and will wear for many years.

To Clean a Gun-barrel.—Wrap clean tow round the cleaning-rod. Take a bucket of warm water (soapsuds, if procurable), and run the rod up and down the barrel briskly, till the water is quite black; change the water till it runs quite clear through the nipple; pour boiling hot water (clean) down the barrel, and rub dry with fresh clean tow. Run a little sweet oil on tow down the barrel, if for use. If to put away, use strong mercurial ointment.

Preserving Meat and Fish by Sugar.—To preserve fish by sugar, open them and rub the sugar in, in the same manner as salt, leaving it then for a few days. If the fish be intended for long keeping dry it after this, taking care to expose new surfaces to the air frequently, to prevent mouldiness. Fish preserved in this manner will be found, when dressed, much superior to what has been cured by salt or smoke. For a salmon of six pounds weight, a tablespoonful of brown sugar is sufficient.

News of Interest

The glory won by the American rifle team in Ireland and England will probably give rise to a rifle-shooting mania in this country. Already a new rifle association has been formed in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and there are indications elsewhere of similar organizations to come.

A hot blooded Parisian has just been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred francs, for having interrupted a marriage ceremony in the church at Notre Dame des Victories. He was a disappointed lover of the bride, and by way of revenge he had strewn the floor of the church with fulminating pellets, which exploded with each movement of the bridal party and the spectators, with so much noise at some moments as to compel a suspension of the services.

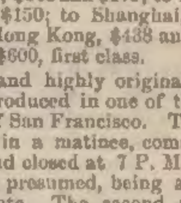
The Longest Excursion.—The Erie Railway is again to the front in a new and far-reaching enterprise. Arrangements have been made to commence the sale of through tickets from New York to Australasia, Japan, China, and India. The following through fares from New York are to be: To Honolulu, first class, $218; third class, $95; to Auckland, $238 and $165, to Sidney, $338 and $165; to Melbourne, $363 and $175; to Yokohama, $388 and $150; to Shanghai, $438 and $165; to Hong Kong, $438 and $165; to Calcutta, $600, first class.

A new and highly original play was recently produced in one of the Chinese theatres of San Francisco. The first act was given in a matinee, commencing at 7 A. M. and closed at 7 P. M., ten minutes, it is presumed, being allowed for refreshments. The second act was to commence at 7.30 P. M., and to conclude about daylight, but the audience of two thousand, who had become intensely interested, refused to go out and allow the evening audience to come in. The theatre was finally cleared by the police, who were called in. The night performance was omitted."

Where the Money Is.—Poor's Railroad Manual, just issued for 1875 and 1876, says: "We have built in this country 72,523 miles of road. The total cost of the par value of stocks and bonds is $4,221,763,000, a sum nearly double our present national debt. The gross earnings of the roads in the calendar year of 1874 were $500,000,000, and the net earnings $190,000,000, or about four and a half per cent. on the cost of the whole system The amount paid out as dividend on stocks was only $67,000,000. The remainder of the $190,000,000 was applied to the interest on the bonds and other charges on the income."

What Every Horseman Wants?

A good, cheap and reliable Liniment. Such an article is Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. Pint bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.



Youthful Beauty.

A clear skin and a bright complexion has a charm for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and one long wished for by the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation known as George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will most effectually produce this result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental or injurious to health. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

OBSERVATIONS ON

NASAL CATARRH.

An abstract from a forthcoming work on diseases of the throat and air-passages, by A. N. Williamson, M. D., late Clinical Physician in the University Medical College, New York City. Mailed to any address for 10 cents. Address the author, 28 East 20th street, N. Y.

Dr. Williamson's great success in the treatment of Catarrhal and throat and lung affections, renders valuable whatever comes from his pen."—*Journal of Medical Science.*

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
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Vol. 55, No. 3.—Contents.

First Page.
Poem — Going out with the Tide.
Cast Up By the Sea. Chaps XVI. XVII.
Second Page.
Cast Up By the Sea. Continued.
FACETIÆ.
OUR OWN SPHINX.
Story of an Elephant.
Animal Wonders.
Third Page.
Poem—The Sweetest Songs.
Lost in a Fog.
After Many Years.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
RECEIPTS.
REVIEWER.
Fourth Page.
Prospectus for Fifty-fifth Volume.
Poem—Nameless.
Saturday Evening Sketches No. 16.
How the Money Goes.
Sea Grove Letter.
CENTENNIAL ITEMS.
PERSONAL ITEMS.
Fifth Page.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS: My Foolish Fingers.
Poem—Our Garden Gate.
Through Forbidden Paths. Chaps. XIII. XIV. XV.
Sixth Page.
Poem—The Glad To-morrow.
A Gift From Heaven. Chapters XXVII. XXVIII.
Seventh Page.
Woman's Faith.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
BOUDOIR.
Anchor Watch Yarns. An Adventure in Chinese Waters.
Not So Sure About It. (Illustration).
WATERING PLACE ITEMS.
CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.
Answers to all Inquirers.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE POST

Take pleasure in announcing the following

PROSPECTUS

FOR THE

FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

The style of the paper will remain unchanged, except there will be more illustrations than heretofore.

We have already secured contributions from the following brilliant writers for this year, and shall add to the number as rapidly as possible.

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Mrs. Henry Wood,
Mrs. Hester A. Benedict,
Margery Laird,
Clio Stanley,
Rett Winwood,
H. Watson Fleming.

Lieut. H. D. Smith, U. S. R. M.,
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We will continue all the popular features, such as News of Interest, Correspondents' Bureau, Weekly Fashion Letter, by Ninon, Personal Items, Agricultural Notes, Wit and Humor, Boys' and Girls' Stories, Household Matters, Our Own Sphinx, Review of New Publications, Literary and Historical Items, and during the summer a column every week of "Watering Place Notes," also full notes and information of the approaching CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. In fact *everything* that will be of interest to our readers. We intend to spare neither labor nor expense to make it the **Very Best** paper of the kind published.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 SANSOM STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

NAMELESS.

BY DELMADI.

There is a name so sweet, so dear,
That I could never write it here,
Where careless eyes perchance might see
The name a loved one gave to me.
A little name—one simple word—
Soft as the twitter of a bird
Brooding above her tiny nest.
But oh! it is the dearest, best;
And softly I'll that name repeat,
Until my heart shall cease to beat!

There is a little, plaintive song,
My heart repeats the whole day long.
I heard it once at day's decline,
Low breath'd by lips close press'd to mine.
I would not that a careless ear
Should catch that song I love to hear;
So my heart's throbbings come and go,
As to myself I breathe it low;
Soul music—holy, glad and deep,
Within my heart of hearts I keep.

There is a heart so warm and true,
And eyes of pure and tender hue;
I know full well I need not fear
What fate may bring if they are near.
Oh, fond, true faith on which I rest,
And own myself so richly blest!
O faithful friend for whom I yearn,
And count the hours till thy return,
The name, the song, the heart I own,
I keep for thee and thee alone.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Everybody is saying "He was such a nice young man only a year ago," and "What a pity," etc., etc.; and everybody's eyes are fixed on a "form divine," prisoned between two officers, and waiting for the steamer that is to start him on his journey back to the home of his boyhood, the village where his mother waits—probably to her old fond arms though never to her hearthstone any, any more. For his sentence reads "ten years at hard labor in the penitentiary," and she is *eighty-two years old to-day*—that mother who does not know yet, that he is coming home at all—whose old heart must break, I think, when she knows the *how* and the *why* of it all.

He is her baby—so they say—and he is her idol. Years ago, when she was left a widow with a family of helpless little ones—when the whole wide world seemed but a desert waste just when she had hoped to find bloom and sweetness most abundant and all sufficiency—how brave and strong she was *for their sakes.* How she shut down the flood gates of her sorrow, keeping the moans walled up in her heart, that she might seem bright and blest to them.

And how she labored for them late and early—early and late, year in and year out—for he had left her only the home, the home and the children—and her two weak hands and her one strong heart must do the rest.

If ever she was heart-sore and sick because of the long, hard struggle, if ever she wanted to give it all up, altogether, and go smiling up to her love who had grown immortal, only she and the Father knew.

One by one the children grew to manhood's and womanhood's estate, settling down, at last, to life's duty and delight, each for him or herself, educated, honored and beloved.

But the youngling of her flock—her baby still—though a baby of his own slept on his heart sometimes—was the joy of all joys that made her last days better than her first—better far and sweeter.

He was so handsome, and she was so proud of him. He was so high-minded, so good, so honorable, so worthy of the trust reposed in and the love lavished upon him! And her old heart leant hard on him as her young heart had on his father ere the daisies had grown 'twixt it and the wonder of her face.

She never lay down at night, never arose in the morning, never sat at her table, nor looked up to the noon-day sun without thinking of him and saying a little prayer for him down deep in the silence of her soul, though never so deep but that the breath of it went fluttering outward and upward to Him who understands us all, and who needs no word from any human lip, however long the night, however hard the storm.

But he was drifting far away from her—farther away than one would think—just counting the miles between them. He was listening to the voice of a siren; and mother, wife and child were but as straws to be brushed aside in his mad passage to the shore where *she* stood and beckoned with finger fair, and frail and false!

Secretly at first, but boldly after a time, he pursued the fascinating phantom of delight that hovered round the siren, and vain were the warnings of friends, the cries of conscience and the tender entreaties of her who had given her all to him—youth, beauty, love, aye almost life itself when she gave to him *the child*

Vainly she exhausted every little art that woman understands so well—the art of making her home, herself, her child the sweetest of all sweet things to him whose chief pride, glory and good, they *ought* to be, but ah, too often are not!—and vainly she expostulated, prayed and agonized. He was deep, blind, *mad.*

And the siren?

She was a wife, and a mother. You would have supposed that looking at her own child would have kept her from even a thought of evil; and you would have supposed, too, that being herself a wife, would have made her tender toward all wives. But you would have been, oh, so sorrowfully mistaken! And if you could but have looked inside her home, where in every nook and corner nestled something rare and beautiful put there by the hand of her husband to whom she was the one thing precious in life, you could not have believed it possible she would shadow its pure, sweet beauty by any word or deed the angels could not honor; by any *thoughts* she would not breathe to God in the deep, searching nights with her babe upon her breast.

And until she beckoned and he came, there had been but whispers here and there. Afterward, the whispers grew to plainly spoken words; and when she passed, faces that had smiled on her fondly in the old time were turned away, some of them in pity some of them in scorn; and fathers would not, for all they owned, have it said their daughters once had known her.

But little *she* cared for all that. Her smile was just as constant, her laughter just as merry. If she ever thought at all of the young wife round the corner it was only to exult in the knowledge of her superior beauty and the greater power she possessed over the youngling of the widow's flock, the man about whom a world had spoken in honor, always, but for her, and whose wife and child were but as toys to be trampled under foot if they stood 'twixt her and him.

Later on, it was rumored that everything was not right in the office he was holding, a responsible post under the government; and afterward, followed investigation, discharge, arrest, conviction, and the sentence which doomed him to ten years shameful exile from the world he might have blessed himself in blessing; and the home is broken up, the pretty home where birds built in the honeysuckle vines and where love was crowned and discrowned; the wife has gone, with her baby and her broken heart, back to the mother who will pity and love and care for her always. And the siren sings her songs uncaring for it all.

She sports the jewels gotten by money not hers nor his; she wears the silks and the laces he gave her; and she keeps, perchance, a memory of the costly suppers shared with him, and the words that sweetened and that gladdened them although they were poison through and through. But does she ever feel *Remorse* tugging at her heart and shrieking the names of her victims?

How can we know!

She smiles and sings and dances, leads fashions and flirtations, and the soul of her—only the Father sees.

And he?

Look at him as he stands, just now, wrapped in his navy cloak and looking far out on the waters so soon to be his pathway into exile. Under his outward calm and nonchalance who knows what fires of hell are burning? Wife, child, honor, *all* things that men hold dear, lost, lost to him forever, and only himself to blame!

And does he think of the mother who is waiting for him in such hope and trust and love as only mothers know? Does he picture to himself just the look she is wearing there beside the river whose sands were dimpled by his boyish feet, whose sparkle and swell and surge stirred his pulses, little by little, till they leaped at last into the heart of a great ambition?

How silvery-white her hair is! How thin and old she has grown! But the quiet, satisfied smile of the old time graces her sweet face still, and her voice is full of music.

Perhaps she is thinking how near her feet are to the land "where forever there is peace," and how, despite the charm and beauty *here*, how very glad she will be when she can say *there:* "Here I am, my darling! I and the children of our early love."

It is well worth while to suffer and to toil, she thinks, if out of all, and because of all, one can give such *good* men and women to the world!

And, as yet, she does not know!

Is he thinking of the time when his sin and his shame can no longer be kept secret from her, and of how, when they break the bitter news—though they do it ever so gently—she will shiver, freeze, faint, fall, *die*, perhaps, and her death be his to answer for?

His face has grown white to the lips, and he covers it, partially, with one neatly-kidded hand.

Ah, he knows full well, that though all the world forsake him, wife, child, mistress, friends, *everybody*, she—*his mother*—though he trample her pride, her love, her life even, under his passionate feet, with her dying breath she will be praying God to pity, to forgive and to bless him, him—the man who, when a babe, was cradled over her heart and for whom she would proudly endure anything that can come to woman here to humble and to crucify her, if so be *he* might be saved the reaping of the whirlwind.

But she *cannot* save him!

If she lives long enough—she can go to the small cell where he sits, and taking his curly, handsome head close in her bosom, sob over him a little, yet keep her sorrow down for his sake—if she can.

And he will tell her how *innocent* he is!

Perhaps she will believe him. Let us hope so—for her sake.

SEA GROVE.

JULY 14, 1875.

There has been so much said and written about this beautiful seaside resort, that we hardly know what to write, or how to say anything new.

Sea Grove is a monument to American enterprise. For the purpose of affording a seaside home, with their economies and pleasures, as well as the influences arising from a religious sentiment, good order, and freedom from all dissipation attending the merely fashionable watering places, gentlemen, principally connected with the Presbyterian church, purchased and laid out about two hundred and sixty acres of the high, wooded land situated between the lighthouse and the steamboat landing at Cape May, bestowing upon it the pleasing title of Sea Grove. Only four months ago it was simply a sand heap, or rather heaps of sand, an uncultivated waste covered with dense underbrush. To-day it is a—town; we came very near saying a city. It has a handsome first class hotel with a hundred rooms, well finished and well furnished; a large pavilion for religious services, meetings, etc., spacious and artistic in construction, and surmounted by a cupola, from which a magnificent view may be obtained of Cape May, the lighthouse, the breakwater, Delaware Bay, and the ocean; some twenty to thirty cottages of various sizes, either finished or in course of construction, and down upon the beach are all the modern improvements in the way of bathhouses and the like. In the midst of the whole lies a charming piece of water, called the Lily Lake, on which are numerous tiny sailboats.

Sea Grove is less than two miles down the coast from Cape May, and is at the extreme southwestern end of New Jersey. Being on the point of land lying between Delaware Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, it has the benefit of both, and gets all the air that's going.

The beach, extending along the ocean front for a distance of one mile, is unsurpassed for bathing, with the fine surf, and hard, regular sand bottom.

In fact when we look at the place now, we cannot help wondering why Cape May was not built on Cape May proper, for the lighthouse is at Sea Grove, and not Cape May. The only reason we could discover being that the ground on which Sea Grove has been built has been in the possession of Mr. Alex. Whilldin for a number of years, and although *twelve* years ago he was offered, by a New York company, $70,000 for it, he was too shrewd a business man to sell, even when his friends urged him to take it. The result is that now he has sold nearly $300,000 worth of lots, and has plenty left, and in comparison with the price of lots at Cape May those at Sea Grove are remarkably cheap. Your correspondent was one of the "Editorial Party" that visited Sea Grove this week, at the invitation of Mr. Whilldin. We were very well received and handsomely entertained. We had a visit from General Grant and party, Sunday evening, July 11th, all of whom expressed themselves as delighted with Sea Grove.

The President actually got off a joke, for when some one referred to the gold supposed to have been hid here by Captain Kidd, the noted pirate, in the early settlement of our country, he turned to Mr. Whilldin and said, "I understand now how you have accomplished so much here in so short a time." This was considered quite a good joke for Grant!

A railway to Cape May is in course of construction, and will probably be completed in a week or two. Then the residents of Sea Grove will have all the advantages of the city, without high taxes and hot air. We cannot close this letter without thanking General W. L. Sewell, Superintendent of the West Jersey Railroad, and a member of the Regatta Committee, for his kindness to the members of the press, both in giving them a special train, and in securing their admittance on board the United States Steamer Tallapoosa to see the yacht race.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

BY LEVIN C. TREE.

Two young men, who had been schoolfellows together when boys, met on Chestnut street the other day.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith," said one. "How you have altered. I would scarcely have known you. How are you getting along in life?"

"I have no cause to complain. I have a steady situation, kind employers, and at night I return to a little house I call my own, where there is a pretty wife and two little innocents to welcome me."

"You are in luck. I wish you joy," said his friend.

"I suppose you have made some progress during the last few years," returned the other. "Married yet?"

"No; and I never expect to be."

"What—not a woman hater?"

"Oh, no; but I cannot afford the luxury. The women are so outrageously expensive."

"I don't find my wife expensive," said Mr. Smith. "In fact, I save more than I did when I was single."

"I don't see how you manage it. Look at the item of rent for instance."

"But I own my own house," suggested Mr. Smith.

"Ah, received a legacy? You always were a lucky dog."

"Not a bit of it. Every brick and piece of lumber in my house were paid for out of my weekly earnings and savings. I am indebted to no one, I am proud to say, for what I own."

"You must get a snug salary. I receive a thousand a year, but I can scarcely save that many cents when the year is up."

"You cannot manage well, then," said Mr. Smith. "My salary is but eight hundred. There must be a screw loose in your establishment, friend."

"I enjoy the comforts of life. I won't stint myself," said Mr. Brown.

"Nor do I stint myself, to an unreasonable degree," rejoined his friend; "but I manage to lay aside four dollars every week. I have been doing so for a number of years."

"You must be an adept in economy to practice it."

"It is as simple as A, B, C. I enjoy all the comforts, merely denying myself the luxuries."

The conversation then turned to other subjects, and soon after the friends parted.

Mr. Brown, when he returned to his home that evening, could not help thinking of what had been told him.

"I wish I could save," he said; "but I can't. The money slips away from me somehow—I can't tell how. My daily expenses are enormous—considering my income—and unnecessary, I suppose. Well, to-morrow I will jot down all my little expenses, just to see where the money goes to."

The next morning on returning to the counting-house where he was employed he found a young friend awaiting him.

"Good morning, Brown; you're in luck again," said his friend.

"Glad to hear it, my dear fellow—what form does it take this time?"

"The ball of the A—— comes off this week and I have a ticket to sell you."

"But I have attended several balls this season, and I have tickets for half a dozen more lying about at home. It is too expensive to buy for all the balls."

"Come, come, my boy, you mustn't go back on me in this manner. I purchased when you had tickets to sell for the annual of your club."

It was too true. Mr. Brown belonged to a social club that held a ball annually. He, with other members of the club, were expected to take and sell a certain number of tickets. He had either to force them on his acquaintances or buy them all himself. The consequence was the majority of his friends bought his tickets, but he soon found every man of them had tickets for some other ball, which they wished to sell, and "not to go back on them," as his friend expressed it, he found it was costing him a good slice of his salary for ball tickets alone. So Mr. Brown bought the ticket. He had not the courage to refuse. It cost him five dollars.

"There goes the four dollars that Smith saves every week, with a dollar to boot," thought Brown, with a bitter smile.

It is not fashionable for a young gentleman to go to a ball alone. A young lady is indispensable. Fashion prohibits young ladies going to balls in street cars. A carriage is necessary.

"How much do you ask for your carriage for the evening!" inquired Brown of the hackman.

"Ten dollars."

There was no getting out of it. Araminta, Mr. Brown's lady love, had been invited, and the night of the ball had arrived.

"There goes two dollars more than Smith saves in two weeks," thought Brown, as he ordered the driver to be on hand at ten o'clock.

Dancing at a ball becomes a wearisome pleasure, unless a good supper forms part of the festivities. Even the girls, who are so spirituel, look with great expectations towards the supper-table when they go to a ball. Mr. Brown's girl was no exception. When she saw the guests filing into the supper-room, she inquired of Brown (very innocently) where those people were going. So he took the hint, and purchased two supper-tickets. Six dollars more out of his finances.

"Twenty-one dollars a week for balls," thought Brown, as he returned to his solitary bed at an early hour the next morning, "and that not including the incidentals. Why, let me see, that is more than Smith saves in five weeks, yet he can support a wife and two babies and owns his own house."

The next day was Saturday, the eventful day when Mr. Brown's board-bill was due.

"Now, Mr. Brown," said his landlady, the minute he entered the house, "I hope you will let me have the amount of my bill. Remember, I have not received a cent from you for three weeks."

"I am not going to cheat you, madam," said Brown, at loss for an excuse, for his extravagancies had totally exhausted his finances.

"I can't say, Mr. Brown; but business is business, and unless you can let me have some money now I shall order my servants to place your luggage on the pavement."

Poor Brown was in distraction. He had not fifty cents in his possession, and his board-bill was over twenty dollars, and he would not receive his pay again until the next Friday. Suddenly a bright (but unlucky) thought occurred to him.

"I'll pay you in an hour," said he to the landlady.

He put on his hat, and rushed into the street and towards the store where he was employed.

His employer had gone home, and he had a free field for his operations. A bill of thirty dollars had been paid him that day on account of the firm. This money was now in the safe, which he opened, having the keys in his possession, took the money and walked home.

"The 'old man' knows nothing about that bill being paid," thought he; "so I'll use the money for a week or two."

He paid his landlady, and felt he had escaped trouble for the once.

On the following Monday, Mr. Green, a creditor of Mr. Sharp, Brown's employer, called upon Sharp, and the two had a conversation.

"By the way, Green," said Sharp, "I believe I have a bill against you for thirty dollars that is due."

"I have paid you that bill once," said Green, coolly.

"You have paid me, sir?"

"I mean I paid your book-keeper, Mr. Brown, the amount on Saturday. See, here is the bill and receipt."

Sharp examined the bill and receipt; then he sent for Brown.

"Mr. Brown," said Sharp, "you should have told me you collected a bill of Mr. Green on Saturday. You have caused me to make a painful error, sir, in asking him again for the money."

"I am very sorry, sir," said Brown, in great agitation.

"Well, never mind it now. Where is the money, Mr. Brown?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Brown, "but I cannot let you have it now."

"You cannot let me have it? Why not, pray?"

"Because I've spent it, sir; but I intend to return it all when I get my salary."

"Your place is vacant from this hour, sir. I cannot put any further trust in you. You may take your hat, and leave as soon as possible."

Poor Brown walked out of the store more dead than alive. The first person he met was his friend Smith. Unlike Brown, Mr. Smith was in the highest of spirits.

"Wish me luck," said he, to the despondent Brown; "I've mounted another step of the ladder of success. I've been taken as a partner into the business. One of the firm got sick, and wanted to retire from trade and travel abroad. The cash necessary to buy his interest was $5,000. I had that amount saved, and I've made my beginning as a Philadelphia merchant. But what is the matter with you? Are you in low spirits?"

"I am indeed. I commenced at the top round of the ladder—wished to lead a life of luxury before I had the money to support it. Now I've reached the bottom. I'm discharged from my situation."

"Why, what is the matter! What have you done?"

"Of late I've been very extravagant; my board was in arrears; my landlady threatened to turn me into the street; so I borrowed a sum of money from the firm to get over the emergency, intending to put it back, but the deficiency was discovered to-day and I've been discharged."

"I hope it has taught you a lesson," said Mr. Smith; "but as a friend I am bound to help you. I have some influence with Mr. Sharp. If I can get you back your situation I'll do so."

That evening Mr. Smith visited Mr. Sharp, and by dint of persuasion succeeded in reinstating Brown in his old place. The latter has turned over a new leaf. His first savings paid back the money he had appropriated. His next act was to open an account with a financial institution, which he visits regularly every pay day with a deposit. When six months had elapsed he counted his assets, and was astonished at the result. He felt he was on the high road to fortune. He never deals in ball-tickets now, finding they are an expensive amusement. As he told Smith the other day: "It is just as easy to save as to spend, if you only set your mind to it."

GENERAL FRANK BLAIR made such a gallant fight for life that the intelligence of his death will occasion a peculiar sorrow. His chief title to a record in the political history of the country rests upon the fact that he was once a candidate of the Democratic party for the Vice-Presidency. His faults were hereditary; his virtues were chiefly his own. No braver man ever led an army into battle; no warmer-hearted gentleman ever attracted the offices of friendship. In public life he had hosts of enemies; in private life he had hosts of friends. Chivalric, upright, impulsive, genial, self-willed and daring, his character was a mosaic that always presented some point of interest to everybody. Missouri has lost in him one of the very ablest men that ever settled within her border. The country suffers by his death the extinction of a patriotic heart that was ever ready to shed its blood in her service.

WALK IN THE RIGHT.—We ought to think much more of walking in the right than of attaining our end. We should desire virtue more than success. If by one wrong deed we could accomplish the liberation of millions, and in no other way, we ought to feel that this good for which we have prayed with an agony of desire was reserved for other times and other lands.

Centennial Items.

OUR minister to China, in a communication to the Department of State, says that China will be represented at the Centennial Exhibition in a most interesting and creditable manner, and that a peculiar feature of the contributions will be an expose of missionary work in the empire, including the hospitals, schools, translations and printing conducted under missionary auspices.

MR. CUNLIFFE OWEN, the British Centennial Commissioner, has appointed Thomas Cook & Son, of London, the well-known Tourist Agents, as General Passenger Agents for the British section of the International Exhibition in this city. This firm managed the Passenger Department of the British section of the Vienna Exposition. One feature of their work will be supplying the latest information in regard to hotel and boarding-house accommodations.

SO MANY interesting things are to be sent to the Centennial Exhibition that it is perhaps well to notice some of them in advance. There was recently exhibited in St. Louis a mass of native copper which is to be sent here next year. It was taken from a mine on Isle Royal, Lake Superior, and weighs 600 pounds. The specimen exhibits the pure copper to the eye, and contains 96 per cent. of the metal. It was taken from an ancient mine, and when found it had evidently been detached from its bed by ancient miners. Stone hammers were found in the vicinity, together with small pieces of copper, and they had probably belonged to a race living in the West before the present Indian races.

ACCORDING to the plan for the improvement of Independence Square, which is to be commenced immediately, there will be a course of coping stone around the three sides of the square projecting above the sidewalk twelve inches, and the ground above terraced off to this coping. A path twenty feet in width will run from Independence Hall to the centre of the Walnut street front, and another from Library street to Sansom, leaving at the intersection a large circular space for a national monument. Diagonal paths will extend from the corners of the square. These and all others will be fifteen feet in width. The paths will be covered with flag stone, and the intervening plots freshly sodded. The square will be entered by ten wide flights of steps, two on Sixth, three on Fifth, three on Walnut street, and one at each of the corners.

A CITIZEN of California is making a collection of the different conifers of the Pacific coast for the Centennial Exhibition. He has already been at the work for several months, and collected over 2,500 specimens. He intends making a rustic structure 35 feet high and 25 feet in diameter. The base will be octagon in shape, with arches 12 to 14 feet high, and decorated with the cones and foliage of the different species of evergreen trees, forming an entirely unique exhibit—different from anything ever presented to the world before. The base of the structure will be a repository for the exhibition of California fruit. He has corespondents collecting in various parts of the coast. The captain of the Alaska Fur Company's vessel cruising in the North Pacific Ocean and the Aleutian Islands has promised to make a collection, and gentlemen interested in the matter in Alaska and British Columbia are also assisting.

Personal Items.

EX-MARSHAL BAZAINE has not taken up his residence in England. He prefers to remain in Switzerland.

MISS KELLOGG is spending the summer at her beautiful country seat on the Hudson, near Cold Spring.

JUDGE FULLERTON is recovering from the effects of the Beecher trial in the pure air of his farm in Virginia.

A YOUNG Chinese lady was one of the applicants for a vacancy in a public school in San Francisco lately.

MRS. LINCOLN has not improved since her removal to Batavia, and there is little hopes of her ultimate recovery.

COLONEL JEROME BONAPARTE and family return to this country in the autumn. They spend the summer at Lake Geneva, Switzerland.

GENERAL BURNSIDE appears to be enjoying himself highly at Long Branch, where he is the recipient of all manner of flattering social courtesies.

GEN. MYER, better known as "Old Probe," is taking a vacation at Lakeview, near Buffalo. Which accounts for the present beautiful weather.

"OUIDA," the authoress, recently entertained in Florence, where she lives in elegant style, with carriage, tiger, and all accessories of luxury, Mr. Lippincott, her American publisher.

AMONG the prominent visitors at the White Sulphur Springs, Va., are Gen. Joe Johnson, General P. G. T. Beauregard and General J. B. Gordon. Politics are abjured by the party.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI was the recipient of a popular demonstration at Civita Vecchia on the 12th. He is the eldest son of the old patriot, and, like him, wears the traditional red shirt.

POSTMASTER JEWELL loves his weed, but as he has issued an order to his subordinates that there shall be no smoking during office hours he closely adheres to it himself. Consistency, thou art a Jewell!

REVERDY JOHNSON, now in his eighty-first year, stood one whole day, last week, in a Baltimore court house, arguing a case. The weather was oppressive, but it did not seem to affect the able, vigorous old gentleman.

MILLE. TIETJENS, the noted songstress who is to visit us next season, is forty-one years old and of Hungarian origin. She made her debut on the operatic stage in Hamburg, her native city, in 1849, and ever since then her star has been in the ascendant.

QUEEN VICTORIA was 56 on May 24th last, and on June 20 had been Queen of England for 38 years, longer than any other sovereign in Europe. The day was celebrated throughout the United Kingdom and the Dominion, and by Englishmen generally, in this and other countries.

PROF. HENRY, of the Smithsonian Institute, and ex-officio president of the Lighthouse Board, will spend the summer in making experiments in connection with lighthouses on the New England coast. He will be engaged during the next two weeks in making some new tests of fog signals on Block Island.

MY FOOLISH FINGERS.

BY IDA FAY.

The fingers on one of my hands had a quarrel the other day; at least I dreamed they did, and that's just as well. It seems they thought I was asleep, and took the cance to pitch into one another.

The first I noticed of it there was a general commotion, and the middle and ring fingers were pushing each other very spitefully. Each of them wanted all the room.

"Now you just stand aside," said Mr. Middle; "I'm the longest and the biggest and have the best right here. You are always sticking yourself up and getting in the way. I'll have you understand that the middle of the hand is all mine, and if you know when it's good for you, you'll keep away."

At this, Mrs. Ring was so indignant that she could not speak, and Mr. Fore Finger, jumping up in a great flurry, shouted:

"No, you don't, either, you insolent fellow! Mrs. Ring and I run down into the middle just as much as you do, and; putting us together, we occupy more of the middle than you do."

After this Mr. Fore stretched himself up as high as he could beside his neighbor, while Mr. Middle looked down on him with great contempt, and said, sneeringly:

"Out upon you! You are so much of a nobody that I never think of you except when I want to touch Thumb for some great business, and then there you are, blundering around in the way."

"Humph!" retorted Mr. Fore, "pretty talk, indeed. Mrs. Ring and I have been in love these years, and we can't enjoy each other's company for you and your impudence."

Here these two drew back as if preparing for a fight. In doing so, Mr. Middle crowded Mrs. Ring so that she cried out:

"You are pretty fellows, to be sure. I abhor you both. I wouldn't condescend to associate with either of you. Haven't I always worn the wedding ring because I am directly connected with the heart? I heard my owner reading it to-day, and now do you suppose I'll have anything to do with either of you low-bred fellows?"

At this speech Miss Little Finger quivered all over as she fairly screamed:

"I guess there's somebody in the world beside you, Mrs. Ring. You are the meanest, most conceited thing I ever saw. There is no getting along with you, you put on so many silly airs just because some dunce used to think you were closer connected with the heart than the rest of us. I'll have you understand I've just as much to do with the heart as you. And more than that, I'm nicer and prettier than you. You are too big for a lady. I'm just as graceful and nice as can be. Everybody admires me. They stick the wedding ring on you just because you are so homely as to need something to make you passable. I'm handsome enough without it."

By this time each of the four fingers was mad at all the other three, and stood off as much by itself as it could, looking funny enough. I don't know that they ever would have come together again in the world if it had not been for Mr. Thumb. He stood up very stiff and dignified, and said in a deep bass voice, very slowly, and with a good deal of a sneer:

"Well, well, you are four of the shallowest fools I ever saw. Got up a regular family fight about nothing. I've half a mind to give you all a good drubbing. I'd like to know what any one of you would do alone. You'd cut a pretty figure, wouldn't you, flopping around in the air with nobody to lean on?"

"Shut up!" they all cried together, seeming to forget their differences in common opposition to Uncle Thumb. "Shut up. You've no business meddling in our affairs. You don't belong to our family. You are not a finger at all, but a thumb!"

"All right," said Uncle Thumb, coolly; "I'm glad I don't belong to your family, if you keep up this kind of a rumpus all the time. I'm an old bachelor, and can get along alone—shove my own way through the world. But I guess you'd all wish me back if I was gone."

Now it seemed to me that the best way to stop this quarrel for good was to let each one of the very independent folks try to do some common thing alone. So I told my thumb to pick up a pin. The fingers all agreed they wouldn't help him, but would see how he made out alone. Thumb made a dive at the pin in his clumsy style, but instead of picking it up he knocked it out of the window. He hung down his head, and all the fingers pointed at him scornfully.

"Now," said I, "Mr. Thumb has failed. Suppose Mr. Middle tries it."

He did, but could only roll the pin around. So they all tried, but none could pick it up.

"You are a pretty set of independent people," said I, "and not one of you can pick up a pin alone! Now, Thumb, you stand aside, and let them try it altogether."

So they tried it; and such a trial. Of course they could do it easy enough altogether; but they scrambled this way and that, twisted and twirled, bumped and jumped, and got so much mixed up with it, that they hardly knew themselves.

"Four sound fingers, and all together you can't pick up a pin!" I exclaimed. "Now try it one at a time with Thumb."

With Thumb's aid any finger could pick it up.

"Now," said I, "stand up all in a row, for I must give you a lecture."

Up they stood, looking very sheepish, and I said:

"You are neither of you worth a straw alone. In almost everything two of you must work together, and in some cases it takes all to do what is necessary. Your usefulness and happiness depend on your helping one another. And there are some boys and girls just like you, always annoying and hating the very persons who help them, and without whose help they could do nothing. Sometimes they think themselves independent of others, when really they cannot do some simple thing without them any more than one of you could pick up a pin alone."

OUR GARDEN GATE.

BY T. S. FITZGERALD.

We swung upon the garden gate—
No happier folk could you discover;
She was my little sweetheart, Kate,
And I—her faithful lover.

I told her tales in baby rhyme,
I sang the songs all babies know,
While, like the pendulum of Time,
The gate swung to and fro.

Her tiny head of tangled gold
Bowed grave assent to all she heard—
Of how the prince, in days of old,
Once loved a forest bird,

Which, carolling so blithe and free,
And in the rarest plumage dress,
Escaped its spell of sorcery,
And stood a maid confest.

And Katie heard, without a word,
Dissecting mute a laurel leaf,
And cunning he who could have stirred
Her infantine belief.

* * * * * * *

We leaned against the garden gate:
She pulled some roses, wet with dew.
I said, "I love you dearly, Kate,
And you, and only you!"

Then oh! the eyes that looked at me,
The hand that did the roses pull,
The perfect form—could woman be
More brightly beautiful?

The flowers between her finger-tips
Dropped down and blushed about her feet;
The murmur died upon her lips.
So silent and so sweet.

Her eyes were on the fallen rose.
My heart beat high: I softly placed—
Nor did my 'arling interpose—
An arm about her waist.

And then I kissed my cousin Kate,
As, slowly, in the perfumed weather,
We passed the ancient garden gate,
Where once we swung together.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE RESURRECTION.

"And you say, Judy, the medicine has brought her to life, and she's to stay here, and I'm not to see her?"

"Yes."

"And *he* is to come again and bring more money?"

"He said so."

"You are sure you made no mistake?"

Judith Nickerson made a quick, impatient movement, but did not look up from her work, a coarse woolen dress on which she had been working steadily for two evenings.

"Can't you tell me just what he said, Judy? I like to be sure the money is coming in, as well as you."

"I know it, Gault," she said, her stern face softening as she turned it toward him. "I know you do, and I don't ever forget it, dear; but I am tired to-night, and don't like to talk. I think he will come, though."

"That's enough, then! Your think is always as good as a say-so. But, Judy, what's tired you? Is it the old trouble?"

"No. I don't let myself think of *that!* But it's that poor woman's face! I tell you, Gault," she continued, sticking the needle in her work, and sitting up straight in her chair, "it's torture to look at her."

"Torture, did you say, Judy?"

"Yes. It is nothing less than that! She has come to life, and life is sweet to us all, no matter what troubles it holds; but it seems to me that she has forgotten something, and is striving all the time to remember it. She looks at me so piteously, too, as if I could help her if I would."

"If you would tell me more, Judy, I might help you to guess it."

And the man looked anxiously at his beautiful young wife, for it was the utmost misery he ever knew to see the shadow of a cloud on her face.

"What do you want me to tell you?" she said, taking up the work which had fallen in her lap.

"Tell me just what that man told you, Judy. If I'm not mistaken, he is a villain, and we may be compelled yet to do without his money."

"Do without the money!" she repeated. "You don't know what you are saying, Gault!"

"We must not be wicked, dear, because we have to be avaricious. There are some folks who think we are as bad as themselves, and would willingly sell our souls for gold; but we've never made that bad a bargain yet, Judy."

"No, no! And I don't mean to do it now, dear. But I can shut my eyes to a good deal of sorrow, and almost forget that I am a woman for the sake of *this*."

And opening her hand, which she had reached down into her pocket, she showed him the two hundred dollars which Gustave Feder had given her for her trouble.

"All that, Judy!" her husband exclaimed, leaning forward to look at the treasure.

"How many wearisome days and nights are there," she said, with a sigh; "how many doubts and fears vanish at the simple touch of this money, Gault. And if it is all for her sake, surely I cannot be doing wrong?"

"I didn't say it, wife; and it isn't for me to say that you can do any better than you are doing."

"I don't know that I could," she said, with a sigh. "I do not believe his story—that she is his relative and has been unfairly dealt with, and that he, at the risk of his own life, saved her from worse than death—no, I do not believe that! But the poor woman is like a baby; she can tell me nothing at all about herself, and when I say Estella—or call her by her last name, she stares at me curiously, and looks around the room as if she thought some one else must be there to answer to the name."

"Then you think he left her under a name that's not her own, Judy?"

"Yes, I think that," she answered, slowly.

"And more beside?"

"Don't ask me, Gault, for my thoughts are in a tangle; but as sure as I find out anything certain you shall know it. Don't let us talk about it any more, for I can't sew and talk, and the dress must be done to-night."

Silence fell once more between the strange couple who called each other husband and wife. Gault Nickerson took down from a shelf over the fireplace a clay pipe, and filling it with tobacco, lighted it and began to smoke; while Judith, after staring a few minutes at the red coals as if she would read the troublesome secret in that scroll of fire, took up her needle again to put the finishing stitches to the coarse woolen dress.

Silence for more than an hour. And the fire snapped and sparkled, the wind roared up the chimney and round the corners of the house, and the pine tree branches swept against the barred shutters with a doleful sound, as if mournful ghosts were wailing out in the windy darkness.

All at once the silence was broken by the sound of a woman's voice rising and falling in the sad, sweet notes of a song—a song of fishermen who went to sea and never came home, but whose boats drifted in on the cold, gray sands where their wives sat watching.

Every note echoed clearly and distinctly through the long, narrow halls and down the winding staircase; every word almost could be heard even through the closed doors.

Judith Nickerson started from her seat, letting her work fall to the floor, and listened, her face growing whiter every moment.

Her husband had laid his pipe down on the hearth and was half way to the door, when her voice arrested him.

"She will do herself no harm to-night, Gault. Do you not mark the change in her voice? Hark! hear her sing now!"

He turned toward her a wondering face, but did not speak.

"Oh, Gault," Judith Nickerson cried, her blue eyes swimming in tears, "do you not know that she is singing one of the old songs we used to sing together years ago, when we were children? And she has not lifted her voice to sing for twelve weary years. Ah, I have dreamed of such an hour as this—thank God it has come at last!"

And her cheeks flushed and her hands trembled, as she tried to light the little lamp which she always carried through the halls.

"Let me light the lamp, wife; and don't look so gleesome, Judy! You can't tell anything by the song; it's maybe only a new kind of craziness."

"Do you believe it, Gault? Oh, if I should be disappointed now, I should never hope again."

And she sat down again in her chair, her fingers working nervously together.

"Now I've frighted you, and maybe for nothing! I'm only a blundering old fellow at the best, Judy, so don't mind me. Let us go up together, and you can soon tell whether your dream has come true."

He had lighted the lamp at last, and opening the door wide, he went out into the hall, stopping there and looking back at his wife, who had not yet stirred from the chair into which she had dropped.

"Come, Judy, come! It will be over in a few minutes, and you may come down these old stairs the happiest woman alive," he added, smiling, as another burst of song filled the air and startled the sleeping echoes.

With a little sigh, and a look of pain and weariness on her face, she rose and followed him, vainly trying to answer back his smile.

"Where have you put the strange woman?" he asked, in a whisper.

"In the chamber next to Eudora's," she said, pointing to the door. "It is the only room that could be warmed—the only one beside her's that is fit to put a woman in."

"It is a queer thing—this being resurrected before the time comes," he said, in a low tone; "but I don't know as it's any queerer than for a body to find their senses again after losing them for a dozen years. That's a kind of resurrection, too, ain't it, Judy, and a'most as strange as the other one?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly, "it is strange if it is true; and no one but God the Almighty could have brought it to pass."

They paused before the door of the small corner bedroom, and Judith Nickerson took a small brass key from her pocket and stepped in front of her husband to unlock the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LITTLE ROOM UPSTAIRS.

As the key turned in her hand, Judith Nickerson's heart-beats could almost be heard in the silence.

One moment she waited and glanced toward her husband, who smiled again as his eyes met hers; and, as if his smiles had given her new courage, she opened the door and stepped inside the room.

The curtains were drawn, and by the window, peering out into the night, stood her sister, Eudora—the poor, crazy sister over whom she had watched so long; for whose sake she had gone cold and hungry many a time; over whose sad state she had wept the bitterest tears of her life; more—the sister for whose sake she had married Gault Nickerson; because he loved her with such an unselfish love that he was willing to come with her to this gloomy old house hid away among the Hatterline Hills, and help her save the money they could both earn, so that if at some unhappy period she should regain her senses, they might have enough to go, all together, and search for the man who had stolen her away from her father's house in her youthful beauty only to break her heart at the last.

It was an old and an oft-told story. She had been won by fair promises, and had been deceived.

She had never told, even to Judith, the name of her cruel husband; but Judith had gained, little by little, enough to know that because she refused to obey him and commit some great sin, he had sent away her baby—the little daughter who had lain against her bosom only four short months—and when, even then she would not yield to his wishes, he had shut her up in a mad house; from which, after three wretched years, she had managed to escape, and had come home to her sister.

Father and mother were both dead, but her twin sister, Judith, had at once resolved to devote her life to her, or at least so much of it as was necessary to find her child and punish her husband.

When Eudora Morey first came home, she was sane, but her trouble and grief wore upon her until she finally lost her reason, and now for twelve years Judith had been faithful to her vows, waiting patiently for the hour to come when the light of reason should shine again in her sister's eyes.

Had the long-delayed hour came at last?

Slowly she crossed the room and stood at her sister's side, her eyes fixed fondly on her face.

There was warmth in them now. Every shadow of coldness had fled from their blue depths, in which a yearning anxiety appeared.

"Did you expect to find me awake, Judith?" her sister asked, with a patient smile. "I suppose I must have been very sick, for this place seems strange to me, and I cannot remember when we came."

"Yes, you have been ill," Judith returned, gravely—even calmly, though her heart was beating like a drum; "ill a long time, and I brought you here to find quiet and rest."

"I am afraid you are sick, too; or is it because you are tired out taking care of me, that your cheek flushes and your hand trembles so?"

Judith Nickerson set down the lamp on a little round table where a waiter stood with tea and toast, still untasted, upon it, and turning again to her sister, she laughed merrily.

"Isn't it enough to make my cheeks flush with joy, and to make me tremble all over with delight to know that you are well again! Come, let us lie down together; and put your arms around my neck, and tell me that you are as glad as I am."

"Glad! Why I never thought I should have so light a heart again! I almost think now I shall find my baby again."

"Of course you will," said Judith, eagerly. "You have only to be patient a little longer, and everything will come right."

"I don't believe any one else in the world has so good, so dear a sister as you, Judith. What should I have done but for you?"

Judith drew her sister close to her heart and kissed her on both cheeks.

"We won't talk of goodness, dear. I am satisfied and contented if I can see you happy. For my own part I am a thousand times happier than I deserve."

"Hark!" said her sister, pushing her arm aside, and sitting up to listen; "what is that?"

"I have a visitor in the next room; it is her step you hear. I will tell you all about her in the morning; only go to sleep now, dear Dora, or you will be sick again."

"Yes, I will go to sleep," she replied, putting her head down on the pillow, "but you must stay with me to-night, Judith. I can't bear to be left alone."

"So I will. But I must run down a minute and look after my fires."

"Kiss me then, dear Judy, and hurry back."

Judith choked back a sob, at the sound of the old pet name falling from her sister's lips; and then she bent down her head and kissed her lips.

She went out carefully, closing the door behind her, but not daring to turn the key in the lock; hurried down stairs, her feet going faster at every step, until she burst into the little kitchen, tears streaming down her cheeks, and fell exhausted into husband's arms.

"It *was* the truth—the very, blessed truth, after all," she whispered, in his ear.

"I know it," he said, holding her close. "I listened long enough to find that out, and then I crept away down here as quietly as I could."

"It seems like a dream," she said, softly, clasping her arms around his neck: "a happy dream from which I shall wake as I have done hundreds of times, at the daylight."

"Take my word for it, Judy, it's no dream!"

She let herself rest there a little longer against that faithful breast, that had so long been her safe refuge in times of trouble; then remembering her sister's request, she put away his detaining arms.

"You must stay alone to-night, Gault; I dare not leave her, and I dare not tell her everything at once."

"You're right, Judy. It would never do to burden her mind with unaccustomed thoughts all at once. Wait until morning, and then you will see what's best to do. Now go, and good-night, dear."

"Oh, Gault, dear Gault, kiss me! Have you ever thought I did not love you enough, my husband?"

"There's no question of love between us, Judy, wife. I've got more than I deserve, and you've got all that I can give you!"

For another little space—only a few flying moments, though it seemed longer to them, such floods of thoughts thronged each brain—Judith Nickerson let her head rest on her husband's breast, and sobbed away the aching fullness of her heart; then releasing herself, she ran up the stairs to her new-found sister.

As she entered the room, she could hear that low, musical voice in the next room, repeating over and over again:

"Montcontour—Montcontour—Estella *Montcontour!*"

The words sounded distinctly through the thin wood partition.

"Ah!" said Eudora, grasping her sister by the arm, as she came to the bedside; "who speaks that name! Has he followed me even here? Tell me!" she entreated, cowering down with fresh awakened fears stirring in her poor brain.

"Hush! No one has followed you, dear! It is only by chance that my visitor—a poor sick woman—knows the name. Why should it trouble you, Dora?"

"I might never have told you but for this, Judy," she said, with a deep drawn sigh; "but the winds will whisper it by and by, if I don't. The name of the man I hate—the man who stole my child from me, and shut me up in that dreadful place, was Pierre Montcontour!"

"Was he your child's father?" asked Judith, in a whisper, bending down to catch the reply.

"Of course he was my baby's father," Eudora replied, half pushing her sister away; "because he was *my husband*, Judith."

CHAPTER XV.

THE PATH DIVIDES.

The drifting apart had begun. Already the trunks were packed, and the farewells said to friends and acquaintances.

For nearly a week, at the Hawthornes all had been hurry and confusion. Felicie ran to and fro, helping Phyllis, and occasionally knocking at the library door and offering to help her guardian, who was, up to the last moment, engrossed with his accounts, and wore such a troubled face, that Polly told her young mistress privately that she thought he looked as if he never meant to come back again.

"Don't say such things, Polly," Phyllis replied, with a smile that covered a heartache; "I couldn't bear to think of such a thing now. It is a mournful house because my mother has gone out of it, but, please God, it will be bright again some day."

"It'll be bright enough the day you're married, Miss Phyllis. May I be let see it!"

"You little goose," said Phyllis, with a brighter smile, "who else could I have to dress my hair, and fasten my favors! You shall surely be here, and shall go home with us afterward."

"Is that a real, true promise, Miss Phyllis?" asked the little maid, with wistful eyes.

"A real, true promise, Polly. Did I ever make you any other?"

"No, dear Miss Phyllis, you didn't! I'm thinking it'll be happiest day of my life, when it comes. We'll be too happy then to care for that slippery snake down stairs!"

"Hush, Polly, it is wrong to say such things! Miss Montcontour means to be kind I suppose, only she don't understand us."

"Her!" exclaimed Polly, in high disdain. "She'd see me dead, if she could get five minutes pleasure by the black deed!"

Phyllis looked grave and shook her head at the outspoken little maid who loved her so well, that she couldn't bear to reprove her, and Polly went dancing on tiptoe out of the room, flying down the stairs three at a time to do up Miss Phyllis' new ruffles.

When she had left the room, Phyllis sank down in a low chair by the window, and began to think.

It was as yet impossible for her to look forward with any anticipation of pleasure. Her grief at her mother's loss had not begun to wear off, and life seemed gloomy and dismal enough.

She couldn't understand her father's eager desire to travel; for her part, she would much rather have remained quietly at home, seeing the old places grow brighter after awhile, and having her lover within sight daily.

The prospect of hearing from him every week; of long, affectionate letters dropping in upon her loneliness—this was the only rent in the dark cloud of circumstances; but through that little rent, a ray of heaven's own sunlight seemed to fall, and she warmed it in her faithful heart, until the hope sprang up that after awhile—though she knew the time must be long—life would bloom again with fair flowers of happiness.

Just as the faint smiles began to dawn on her face, she was rudely awakened to the present by a knock at her door.

She said "come in;" but she sighed as she said it, and once more sank back in the old sorrowful attitude.

The door opened quickly, and Felicie entered.

"Come out and let us walk, Phyllis," she said, standing still by the door and swinging it back and forth in her hand. "It is sunshiny just now, and you don't know what the weather will be an hour hence."

"I don't care about walking, Felicie. I believe I am too tired to stir outside the house to-day."

"What a foolish, exasperating girl you are. You will sit here and mope yourself to death if somebody doesn't rouse you; and who do you think will thank you for putting on pale cheeks and wan enough looks to scare a ghost, to say nothing of human kind! Why can't you take life easy, my dear child? Worrying won't better things."

"I cannot help it," Phyllis said, with a sad, downcast look. "I feel wretched when I am alone, but it is worse still when I go out and meet any one."

"You will have to get over that," Felicie said, half-laughingly; "and, thank fortune, it's only three days more before we leave this gloomy spot. I feel as if I was shut up in a prison. Won't it be gay when the prison doors open!"

Phyllis looked at her in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, you may stare," she said, letting the door swing together, as she saw Polly coming slowly down the hall; "but you don't know what it is to me to be shut up in one place, with nothing to lighten the time, for three whole months. You weren't born in sweet, sunny France, remember!"

"I suppose it is dull for you," Phyllis said, looking curiously into the dark, bright face opposite her; "but it ought to content you to know you will have your lover so soon: And I am going away from mine."

"What do you mean?" cried Felicie, angrily. "It will be the worse for you if you taunt me!"

Phyllis was dumb for a moment with sheer amazement, and there was a very decided frown on her forehead as she replied:

"You use strange language, Miss Montcontour. I understood you to say that your cousin, Mr. Feder, had gone back to France, and it is scarcely strange if I supposed you would be rejoiced to meet him again. Unless, indeed, I have been mistaken in thinking he is something more than a friend."

"You have been mistaken," Felicie replied, with a nervous flush and then a ripple of low laughter. "What put such a thing into your head?"

"Your own words," Phyllis said, trying to curb her indignation; "or, at least your actions," she added, remembering that Felicie had never definitely asserted the fact of her engagement. "I beg your pardon if I offended by speaking of it."

"Poor Gustave!" she said, with a little mock show of sorrow. "I suppose he would say you had made a happy mistake. He was determined, once, to be my lover, as you say, but he is only my very good friend now. It is quite unlike—my case and yours."

Phyllis had been looking at her steadfastly for the last five minutes, with a dim wonder in her eyes, but at the last sentence she dropped her eyes, and took up a book which had slipped from her lap to the floor.

"Then you won't come?" asked Felicie, opening the door wide, and speaking a little louder than usual.

"No," she said, sharply. "I wish you would go away and leave me to myself."

"Better company, I suppose, than any other?" Felicie asked, still lingering on the threshold, as if reluctant to go without her.

"Do go," Phyllis cried, stamping her foot. "I would not go if I hadn't a thing in the world to do, and I have—several."

"Good-bye, then. I hope you haven't quite lost your temper, dear; because wise people say it is a good thing to keep!"

And humming a gay bit of song, she darted down the stairs, while Phyllis shut and bolted the door, and went back to her seat by the window.

Felicie had heard the door shut, and went on with a light heart to where Darley Gifford stood waiting in the lower hall.

"You gave her my message?" he asked, shortly.

"Yes," Felicie returned, slowly, and with a very sober look in her beautiful eyes. "But Phyllis I don't think feels quite well to-day, Mr. Gifford, and she says you will have to excuse her."

"Is that exactly what she said, Miss Montcontour?" Darley Gifford asked, gazing resolutely into the dark, liquid eyes. "I thought I heard——"

"Oh, you mustn't mind that," she said, with a little sympathetic gesture. "That's only her way, you know. She don't mean half she says."

"She evidently means, though, that she will not go and ride with me."

"Yes, she did mean that, I suppose. What a delightful day for a ride!" she added, peeping out the half-open door as she said it. "I tried to tempt her with a thought of this marvellous sunshine, but she would not be tempted."

"Suppose you come, Miss Montcontour?" Darley Gifford asked, looking down admiringly into the animated face so near his own, and feeling as if Phyllis had treated him very shabbily.

"Do you really mean it?" she asked, lifting a grateful glance to his face. "And I had been so longing to get out into the fresh air and sunlight, only that I didn't like to go alone. But, perhaps——"

"Perhaps what?" he asked, smiling.

"Phyllis might object," she said, demurely.

For a moment the remembrance of Phyllis' sad, pale face deterred him, and he felt like running up to see her; but pride prevailed, as it too often prevails in a man's heart, and he said:

"I believe I am master of my own actions, Miss Montcontour. If you will honor me so much, get your hat and shawl and let us be off. It is foolish to miss all this sunshine, as you say."

Felicie laughed and ran gaily up the stairs to get shawl and hat, and came down five minutes afterward with the red flush on her face and her dark eyes half hidden under the brim of her little black hat, with its fall of exquisite lace and its dainty red feather.

She looked to Darley Gifford like a human humming bird just poising itself for fresh flights over some far away delicious gardens.

And he—well, he looked to her like a noble, handsome gentleman, whom it would be easy to love, and very nice to have for a lover.

For a moment she had almost forgotten the face that was between them—the face of the man who had committed such sin for her sake.

She sprang lightly up and adjusted her silken flounces, and settled the pretty gray shawl a little closer to her shoulders; and she felt a genuine throb of exultation in her heart as her companion took the reins and the horses went away like the wind.

"Oh!" she said, drawing a long breath of delight, "how pleasant this is! I wish I was rich and my own mistress, so that I could own just such handsome horses, and ride behind them every day of my life."

"You would get tired of it after awhile, and it would cease to be a pleasure. I have found in my experience that the pleasures we have seldom are those we prize most."

"That's because you are a man," she said, with an arch smile. "We women love best what we have for our very own."

"Then with you it needs ownership to secure happiness?"

"Yes; my griefs I will share, but my joys must be my own exclusively. On them no one may lay sacrilegious hands."

And saying that, she laughed lightly.

"Your creed is an odd one, Miss Montcontour. Pray tell me if you think seriously——"

"Never for more than ten minutes at a time," she broke in, as if unconscious that he was only in the middle of his sentence; "and we will have no more confessions! They are odious things anyway, and are sure to trip us up some time."

"I will be merciful then, if you acknowledge that you are afraid," he said, half laughing. "Turn your head now and look at the prospect before you."

She obeyed at once, and her face betokened her delight.

Just in front of them was a long avenue of trees, their leaves gaily tinted and shimmering in the sun, while, like a line of silver, a slow brook glided along, half in shadow and half in sun. Overhead was the unfathomable blue, and beyond them the blue gray of distant hills. The sound of an occasional bird stirring the topmost branches of the trees with its song, or the softer sound of the breeze sweeping along the roadway, was all that broke the silence of their thoughts, until his companion laid her little ungloved hand softly on his arm, and said:

"I shall never think of you as a stranger again, Mr. Gifford, since we have seen this place together. Companionship in such a moment as this reaches beyond the frigid line of acquaintanceship, and approaches that of friendship."

Will you blame him, oh, most generous reader, if, on the impulse of the moment, he put his hand over hers and said, softly:

"I certainly shall not quarrel with you for being my friend."

"That's very good of you to say it; but are you quite sure you mean it?"

"Quite sure, Miss Montcontour," he said, smiling.

"Then it's settled, and I am really to have one more friend in the world. You see, Mr. Gifford, some people have such hosts of friends, that if one drops out by the way they never miss him; but all my life I have had so few, that I appreciate the gift of a new one."

What was it stirred the air just then? Was it a whisper of angel wings?

Darley Gifford drew himself up suddenly at the thought of Phyllis—the dear Phyllis who was sometimes petulant, but always penitent—and he remembered what she had said of her father's ward, and knew he could not be the friend of both.

Nevertheless the gay, bright face under the little dark hat had a certain kind of charm for him, which it had had for a hundred men before him, and his fingers left the little white hand lingeringly as they neared the house.

Poor Phyllis, sitting at her window alone in the early twilight, heard the cheerful voices and the gay laughter of one, and felt that somewhere there had been a mistake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GLAD TO-MORROW.

BY M.

When the soul is dark with sorrow,
And we deem that no to-morrow
E'er can dawn to soothe our anguish,
Or one ray of joy impart,
All unmindful of our weeping,
Loving vigils ever keeping,
Smiling Hope with radiant plumage
Nestles close against the heart.

And her voice in tender singing
Dreams of joy again are bringing,
Even while we sadly fancy
We have heard her last good-bye.
"In your heart," she sings, "I'm sowing,
Seeds of promise, which, in growing,
Soon will win your lips to smiling,
And you'll see a sunlit sky

"Stretching o'er you blue and tender,
And you'll know that Hope can render
Saddest heart that ever sorrowed
Bright with blooming flowers at last.
Sweet 'twill be to watch them springing,
Blissful memories with them bringing,
While a mystic perfume hovers
O'er them from the shadowy past.

"For your faded joys will sender,
Present hours more sweetly tender,
As the shadows in the distance
Make the sunshine still more bright.
Then, oh, hearts, now steeped in sorrow,
Say not that no glad to-morrow
E'er can rise with radiant promise
From the darkness of your night!"

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE, THAT IS THE QUESTION."

Harcourt's illness was not very protracted. Alteratives and sedatives soon restored him to a sufficient condition of strength to quit his bedchamber for the sitting-rooms, and when he first attempted the change it was with a sense of relief that he was informed that Lao had been suddenly attacked by a fit of indisposition, and was compelled to keep her sleeping apartment.

It enabled him to be alone, and now he was capable of doing it, to think over what had recently happened.

He had won fifty thousand pounds now that money was not an object to him, and stood to win the very large sum of one hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds, against which he had risked twenty thousand pounds. Supposing he lost that, he would yet remain the winner of thirty thousand pounds.

"But," he soliloquised, "I shall win all the events. My luck is a little way in again. Fate is relaxing its grip, and I shall have a crowd of enjoyment yet. Let me see, with a capital of two hundred and fifteen thousand pounds in addition to what I already possess, I can disburse with the hand of a prince. I will pension off the incumbrance that is now, like an anaconda, folded round my limbs with a deadly embrace, paralyzing my movements and my efforts, and I'll take Floye into my favor again. She will come back to me. I will buy down and bear down all opposition. She is mine—she shall come back! Besides, she will only be too glad when she learns I have a ducal rent roll. I'll find out where she is staying, and pay her a visit. I'll take her a—a—a—necklet of diamonds!

"By Jove! He twitted me with making a present of a necklace, did he! Well, I will take him at his word, and buy my own dear, pretty Floye one out of his money. Ha! ha! What a curious fitness there is in retribution. He insulted me with his insolent looks and scornful sneers, and I will make him pay for the splendid present I will give my darling Floye. We may be happy yet—and won't we! She must come back to me soon. She will come back to me. Pooh! Of course! I shall only have to hold up my finger and whistle, and she'll come back to me like a bird! I will go and buy that necklace at once. Let me see, what did I do with that check? I must pay it through my bankers. I remember that he gave it me—flung it at me. Didn't I get his nasty temper out? What did I do with it?"

He had volunteered to suggest what he purposed doing with a portion of its proceeds; what he had done with the check itself he was unable to discover. He ransacked everything likely to have received it by design or accident. In a state of fever heat and cold perspiration combined, he went to where his pseudo-wife was lying, to ask her if she knew ought about it; but he found her in a semi-unconscious state, incapable of answering or understanding a question. She had suffered from a series of epileptic fits, and was at that moment only slowly recovering from one of a more violent description than the previous ones. It was assumed that the shock of seeing him brought home insensible had occasioned this illness. To no other cause than a fearful shock could it be attributed, for it was so very peculiar in its symptoms.

If anything could have added to his perplexity and vexation it was this statement.

"I must have dropped the cursed check somewhere," he muttered, as he returned to his search, and nervously pressed his lips with his teeth. "It can be traced, of course; but what an uproar it will cause. Fifty thou' picked up by me at play. No end of cold shoulder from straitlaced people, and begging letters by the ton. Infernal nuisance! Lao, too! There's another slice of luck. She to turn spoony on me—*me*. Sentimental as a sucking dove—fainting fits and all that because I was—rather overcome. Who knows but now she will hang on, and interfere between me and Floye? I wonder what in the natural order of supreme foul luck will follow next!"

The room door abruptly opened, and a lopsided waiter, who looked as if he was fed upon the skimmings of mutton broth, entered, bearing a letter upon a very much scratched and abrased silver salver.

The sight of it gave Harcourt a blow on the heart.

"For me?" he asked, with a welling up of something in his throat.

"S-sir," responded the man, with the sickliness of a phantom, handing the letter as if it were a sandwich which threw out a powerful scent, not ambrosia.

Harcourt took it and eyed it curiously. The man retired, and he tore it open.

It was from Admiral Hardcastle, and ran thus:

"De Rougemont gives a dainty spread at the club—Beaudesert—to-morrow week. The invitations are mine. You must come. We will be careful of you this time. Templemore has accepted, because I told him as a matter of honor you would join us, and give him his revenge. You will, of course. You might as well blow your brains out as back out. Of course, you feel that, as a gentleman, it would be impossible, and Templemore has a most ugly way with him in these matters. By the way, Mrs. Harcourt is a deuced clever woman—sensible and practical, eh? Who would have thought of investing the fifty thou' in bonds, shares, securities, etc., but she? She lost no time either, did she?"

The superheated air in the hot room of a Turkish bath was a cold blast to what Harcourt felt as he reached the conclusion of this friendly epistle. So Lao had obtained possession of the check, and converted it into investments—for her own use, he did not for an instant doubt; and that she would keep them, too, unless he could find out where she had deposited them, he had less uncertainty.

As she was fortunately in this instance confined to her room, he determined to search her desk and escritoires for them without delay.

As he prepared to do it the waiter with the drab face entered, ushering in a gentleman, and retired without announcing him or waiting for any orders in reference to him, showing that a stiff bribe had been offered to him to do this, and he was not above taking it.

His unexpected visitor was Reginald Ringwood, who wore the same resolute air as of old, and when Harcourt made a rush after the waiter to call him back, stopped him, and further prevented him ringing a bell violently, with a quiet determination that was not to be put aside or overridden.

"Sit down," exclaimed Reginald, firmly. "I am here about the same business as before, and I do not this time go away empty handed."

"You refer to the—a—girl—child?" exclaimed Harcourt, impatiently.

"I do," he answered. "I want her—want to take her away with me, and I will."

"You can," responded Harcourt, passionately; "four hundred of them, if you can find them. I do not know where even one is at this moment."

"*The* one!"

"Yes, *the* one. I left her at Tattenham, and when I went thither with you she was gone—you know that—and that is all I know about her."

"You will swear that?"

"Of course I will. Any oath I will take you like to submit to me."

He seemed so very sincere in his earnestness that Reginald was rather staggered; but, recovering himself, he subjoined, abruptly and sternly.

"What, swear to a flat falsehood! Why, man, she is here."

"Here!" repeated Harcourt, amazedly; and then added, contemptuously, "Your brain is wandering."

In a few brief words Reginald told him all that he had learned from Mary Lavender, and Harcourt listened to him with a helplessly distracted air. The whole story had such an air of truth and probability in it, what else could he do but believe it?

He passed his hands wildly through his hair. He turned to Reginald, and took a terrible oath.

"If she is here I will find her. If she is here I will place her in your hands, for here she cannot remain."

With that he left the room, giving his word of honor, backed by something stronger than an asseveration, that, whatever might be the result, he would return.

He did return; but it was to state that the closest inquiries and the most careful search had failed to elicit any clue to the missing child. She was not in the hotel—as far as he could learn, she had never been brought to the hotel—and the whole thing was a fabrication by Mary Lavender for some especial end of her own.

When Harcourt had brought his statement to a close, he somewhat strangely and abruptly assumed a lofty chilliness of demeanor, and with a kind of imperial wave of the hand, said:

"Now, sir, that I have prosecuted for you the inquiry to the end, and we have proved that low, designing woman, Lavender, to have been guilty of a wilful falsehood, let me impress upon you my wish, my desire—perhaps you will understand me better if I say my command—that all further interference in any matter that may concern my—Miss—a—the lady who—a—claims that child from me upon your part will end here."

"Ah!"

"Yes; that you will not again officiously intrude—pardon me if I say obtrude—yourself in any way upon that lady or myself, or trouble yourself about that child in future—a—under any circumstances."

"Oh!"

"Yes; I mean to take the matter in hand myself."

"In truth?"

"In very truth. I see that you know something. Now know this. If there is a lady injured in the case to which I am now alluding, she will not take any step to make an—well, an exposure; and as in the eye of the law she is the injured party, that must be enough for the other party concerned. Indeed, I mean to have an interview with that other party, and settle matters once and for all with her. I hope, I believe—nay, I am sure—the arrangement will be amicable."

"Is it possible?"

"It will be fact. Therefore, you will see that any further movement on your part in events which have been unhappily complicated will only be impertinent, offensive, and—must be punished."

"You don't say so!"

"Further, I may remind you that the child is mine—my own—and at an age when the law takes her from her mother's care and hands her over to mine. It is my intention to take charge of her and so act for her, and I demand that you desist from further action respecting her. Am I sufficiently explicit?"

"Quite."

"Good morning. There's the door; and permit me to say that I do not wish to see your most offensively annoying visage again."

As Harcourt concluded, he rang a bell violently; but as the servant appeared he said, hastily:

"Oh, one thing I have forgotten. Give me the address of the lady who sent you to me."

"Take that as my card," returned Reginald, striking him across the mouth with the back of his hand, hard enough to draw blood. "This pasteboard contains my address, where I am to be found whenever required. For the rest, I shall do what I consider to be proper at any time, under any circumstances, and for whomsoever I may elect to serve. With reference to the address of the lady who is tainted by a reference to her passing between your lips, I decline to give it you, because, if I should discover you there, or near there, I'll lash you with my riding whip for a mile in the opposite direction, and give you all you can learn of the operation of the law in that respect. I leave you for to-day, but I will never leave you until you have received the adequate penalty of your rascally infamy. Then I will have done with you—but not until then. That day is not far off."

As he uttered the last words he hurled the bilious, ghastly waiter beneath the large round table in the centre of the room with one swoop of his arm, and strode out of the chamber, and thence out of the hotel, very much as if impelled by a furious burst of wind.

Harcourt followed him with eyes that would have withered him had they possessed that power; but at least he despatched a volley of most vicious expletives after him, and as at the same moment he observed the slow uprising of the corpse-faced waiter from the claws of the round table, he went at him with a dash, and kicked him out of the room, on the plea that he had had the audacity to usher an impostor, scoundrel, and low thief into his presence unannounced.

It was something to be able to wreak his fury on some one.

At this moment his man Picket appeared, and observing what was going on, felt uncertain whether it would be his best plan to go up the chimney like a feather on the bosom of a draught, or jump out of the window on to the top of a brougham which stood beneath, offering a kind of inviting platform for the leap.

To his frantic amazement Harcourt seemed to be seized with a resolve to decide the question for him, and had already selected the roof of the brougham, for to his horror he dragged him to the window and flung up the sash.

Here Picket ventured to interpose his objection to the choice by an affinity of nimble wrigglings, which enabled him to leave his coat in Harcourt's hands, that he might throw that out if so resolved, while he himself adopted the easier method of approaching the basement by the staircase.

As he was making his way over the threshold, like a pedestrian doing his last winning spurt in a foot race, he found himself, with an emotion which was not second to giving up the ghost altogether, again in the clutches of his master, again being dragged like a violently animated intoxicated Irishwoman, bristling with resistance in the hands of an excited policeman, up to the window by a madman.

In spite of all his struggles he felt himself, dripping at every pore with the death sweat, half out of the window. In fancy he heard the thud with which he was to come down on that black, shining, smooth surface, which absolutely seemed to be wooing him to try it. In swift imagination he saw the dozing coachman turn round and say, "Hallo!" while among the shattered *debris* within he was apologizing to the old lady seated there, reading "Baxter's Saint's Rest," for the unceremonious character of his intrusion.

But at the last moment of supreme agony, when he would have contemptuously refused prodigally excessive odds that he got off with five broken ribs and two shattered legs, he heard his master shriek:

"That is the man, fool. Look there, down on the left hand side, walking fast; follow him wherever he goes, until he calls at a house in which lives a lady named Egerton; then bring to me that address. Do not come back without it, for I must see her—and at any cost arrange that I may gain access to her for an interview without being seen or interfered with. You can do it through her maid. Pay her what she asks."

Before Picket had recovered his breath, buttoned his coat, or had a dry thread about him, he was well on to Reginald's heels; ere the sun had set he placed in Harcourt's hands the address of Floye, and a plan concerted betwen him and the cook by which Harcourt at a certain hour could, unnoticed or unseen, gain admission to her presence.

Then he sallied forth on his momentous errand, attended by Picket. He conjectured that if he ran foul of Reginald, and the lashing talked of cropped up, his man might come in useful.

On his way he stopped at a great jeweler's in Bond street, and after much consideration he selected a bracelet with an immense sapphire in the centre, surrounded by an exquisitely designed scroll work of brilliants of the finest water, for which he paid six hundred pounds, and he smiled ineffably to himself as he thought resistance, with that in the scale, was out of the question.

Picket and the cook carried out their part of the plan faithfully, and he found himself in a small ante-chamber, whither he had been secretly conducted on tip-toe, and without a sound. It possessed an inner door, which was ajar. He peeped through the crevice, and saw a lady in the inner room seated in a pensive attitude, gazing steadfastly and thoughtfully at what appeared to be a photograph which she held in her hand.

He saw—felt that it was Floye.

Felt it because he received an almost deathlike blow on the heart as he saw "her blue eyes' tenderness, and her long, fair hair," and recognized them only too well.

A mortal faintness seemed to seize him, and he thought he should drop down in a swoon. How would she receive him? How was it natural she would receive him? With resentment, with scorn and loathing? Might she not refuse to listen to him—to speak to him? Might she not even call up her bully to kick him out?

He felt a woeful sinking of his boldness in the direction of zero. Still he was her husband—the father of her child. Aha! if he had been able to have brought that child with him, what an introduction it would have been!

Now he heard Floye sigh deeply—bitterly. Now he saw her place the card which she had been contemplating so attentively upon the table, almost with tender care. Now he saw her rise up, place one hand upon her heart, while with the other she concealed her eyes with her handkerchief, and murmuring with acute anguish:

"O Fate, why persecute me thus? I am most unhappy—so very, very unhappy!"

Impulsively he put the door slowly open, advanced noiselessly to her, sank upon his knee before her, and, clasping his hands appealingly, he looked up at her yet half hidden face, and also in a murmur, said:

"Floye—sweet little Floye—my own darling Floye, look at me—speak to me!"

With the rapidity of a flash of lightning she tore the handkerchief from her face, and stared, glared, it seemed, on his.

She knew him at a glance—he was only too carefully preserved—and she did look at him.

The expression that went over her features was something terrible to witness. Her complexion changed to a pearl gray, her lips to a pale violet blue.

"Harcourt!" she gasped.

He threw out his arms towards her.

"Your husband, my sweet pet!" he ejaculated, with the hoarseness of a raven.

She shrank from him, back—back almost to the wall, gazing still upon his face with a quailing abhorrence, and responding, huskily:

"My loathed horror!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEVER, FOREVER.

As a beginning, this was not encouraging to Harcourt—to some men it would have sufficed; it would have been the sealing of a doom; they would at once have disappeared from the scene. To Harcourt, however, it was a beginning.

In early life he had borne sneers and taunts, gibes and insults, without resenting them as one who possessed manly instincts would have done. He had, perhaps, kept a debtor and creditor account, repaying when he could by a stealthy injury, but outwardly he had put up with the sarcasms and affronts with equanimity, and now this faculty did not desert him.

Therefore, notwithstanding the terrible significance of her words, he remained in the same position, and with outstretched arms, subjoined:

"Don't be cruel to me, Floye! Don't, there's the sweetest thing in Floyes! You were always sweet, and kind, and loving, you know. You never gave me a harsh word in your life until—— Well, I did not do quite the correct thing, I admit, and I've come here to beg your pardon, and all that sort of thing—to kiss and make——"

"Silence, sir! Rise to your feet, and address me as you ought to address me, or I will ring the bell, and order your expulsion from the house as ignominiously as you have sneaked into it," she interrupted, with a bust of heartfelt indignation.

Harcourt, unscrupulous rascal as he was, yet was not what is termed a hardened sinner—that is to say, he was deficient in effrontery. Floye's manner, look and voice told him at once that he had a far more serious opposition to encounter from her than he had expected.

He reddened, and his nose rose up into wrinkles. He rose to his feet, dusted the knees of his trousers with a handkerchief that filled the room with scent, and said, in uneasy, deprecating tones:

"Now, Floye, virago is not your natural *role*. I know that I have acted rather shabbily towards you, and I am going to recompense you for it; but don't at starting fly into tantrums that don't belong to you, and don't suit you, and pray don't twit me with sneaking into your house, when it was the only way that I had a chance of getting to see and speak with you."

"That is untrue," she retorted, firmly, and with a coldness of mien which yet further disquieted him, it was so icy cold. "Had you acted in the commonest spirit of manliness, you would, on ascertaining my address, have at once presented yourself, if truly penitent, and—yes, why should I mince it? acknowledging your heinous sin, have thrown yourself on my mercy."

He looked staggered for a moment, and then, with the air of an ill-used person, cried:

"Upon my so—honor—word, you are too sharp and quick upon me, Floye. I did not come here for any of this recriminatory nonsense. The long and short of it is—that we are man and wife! Circumstances—fate—a most accursed fate compelled us to part for a time. It cut roughly the knot which tied us when we were both as poor as rats. In fact, you had deceived me with false expectations, and I was a ruined young man. I was bound to do the best I could for myself, and I did. Well, time rolls on; I became rich—you, too—but that does not signify now. I am here back to claim you, to ask you, because I desire you, to resume your position in my heart. I will tell you what I propose. I will set up a fine house, with estates surrounding, for your—that it, of course, our—comfort and enjoyment. Carriages, horses—all that sort of thing—you shall have jewels—ah! by the way, you shall see something presently. But, as I say, there is now in my power to give you what I could not give you before—a grand home, and as well a charming—that is, she may be made such—a—nice little daughter to cement our reunion. In a word, there you have the whole affair. That is my errand; it is in a nutshell, you see. What do you say, Floye, my old pet? Won't you be my own pretty, wee little wifee once more?"

He sought to place his hand upon hers, but she retreated with a shuddering cry and a loathing expression on her face. With a sort of screech she responded:

"Do not touch me—do not! Ugh! I would rather feel the cold slime of a crawling toad or a twining adder upon my face, neck, or arm than your touch on my finger-tip."

"Pooh!—nonsense, Floye!" he cried, restively, as if he did not deserve the indignity. "This is going too far. I did part roughly with you, it is true, but you would not leave me when I showed you that it was clearly your interest to do so—you would cling to me. I did not drag you into the river—now, did I? And now I think of it, you preciously nearly sent us both to the bottom to be food for fishes. By Jove! as it was, I caught a devilish bad cold from that ducking, and all through you, too—you were so obstinate. It was a little too bad of you, wasn't it, Floye dear? Now own it."

She heard every word he said in a dazed way, as if it were incomprehensible—as if it were impossible that the heartless husband who had cruelly, mercilessly deserted her when he knew she had been plunged into penury, had nearly deprived her of life, and who had afterwards inflicted upon her the last outrage of which he could have been guilty by contracting a bigamous marriage with another woman, was before her, referring to his misdeeds in the light and airy—almost cheerful—tone he had adopted.

Because she was silent—dumbfounded at his remarks—he fancied she was listening to reason, and instructing her soul in his favor. He therefore thought the moment had arrived to overbear all her opposition, real or affected, by the production of the magnificent bracelet.

Out he brought it, with a gesture of a conjuror about to produce a startling effect. With a finger and thumb applied by the tips to the lid of the morocco case, he said, in an affected voice:

"You will observe——"

Then he lifted up the lid, and exhibited to her indignant eyes the flashing bracelet.

"There," he said, admiringly, "you can't beat that anywhere, and it was not given to me, you may take your oath. Yet I give it to you, Floye, to show you the spirit in which I have come to you. You see, you must be sensible, and a little woman of the world, as hard knocks have made me a man of the world. It is of no earthly use talking over what is past; let bygones be bygones. If I could have made a lady of you in those days I would. If you could have made a gentleman of me you would. I couldn't, you couldn't—so our lines were laid in other places. However, they meet now again, you see. You will come back to me as though we never parted. You will ask no questions of me—I will ask no questions of you—not even about the vulgar ruffian, your champion, who has very much offended me—really very much. But there, let it all go, and I place this token of my love upon your pretty little wrist to show that—my Floye—we may now kiss and be friends."

As he concluded, he approached where she was standing motionless as a statue, and, holding it by the clasp, he laid it upon her arm as though about to fasten it on it; but as if all the blood in her body rushed into her neck, face, and temples they became in an instant a bright vermilion, and she flung the bracelet with all her strength to the farthest end of the room. It struck the wall with a crash, and fell with a sharp sound upon the floor. She advanced a step towards him, and looked him in the face with an expression on hers such as he had never seen there, and he felt, as he gazed upon it, that his expectations and plans of reunion were at an end with her for ever.

"Mr. Eliot," she commenced, in a voice, the tone of which made him palpably start, "you came to me unsummoned, and I have listened to you. I am fully aware of the errand that brought you hither, and I am sure I understand all that it is intended to involve. After what has passed, many who have been less deeply injured than I have would have refused to have received—looked at—spoken to you; but I have an incentive such as they might not have had, and had you not have presented yourself here to-day—cowardly and contemptible as the self-introduction you adopted—I should have obtained an interview with you at the residence you have chosen to-morrow. It was my determination to have removed from your mind all false hopes you might entertain in reference to the relations which have existed between us, and to the tie which yet binds us as a manacle, but which, fastened by the law, shall be by the law removed. It was my purpose to tell you, as I tell you now, that I married you with feelings of love, of duty, and devotion. I thought then that the world held no created creature so noble, so beautiful, as the object which, by crafty stratagems, by false oaths, protestations, and affectation of passion had beguiled me. If I had had the riches of the world, honors and happiness of an earthly heaven to bestow upon you, I would have endowed you with them. In the interregnum between our marriage and my father's death I gave to you ungrudgingly—lovingly—all the money I could obtain. For your sake alone I sacrificed all my nobler feelings and lived enforcedly apart from you, hoping that I should be able to secure for you the dowry on which you were always harping, for which you were ever craving, and for which you made me shed many bitter tears. Then, if you had permitted me, I would have lived with you as your wife, sharing your poverty with willingness without one repining word——"

He interrupted her with a laugh of scorn.

She went on, without heeding him:

"At that time my faith in you—my opinion of you—my respect for your character—had to sustain some rude shocks; but I shut eyes, ears, reflection. You were my husband, and still I would have followed you to the world's end lovingly, confidingly, worshipingly, had you had left within you, if you ever had it, one bright spot of honor—of truth—nay, of real love for me."

"But I tell you I had," he interposed again, gnawing the edge of his moustache with his teeth.

She went on, without appearing to have heard his interruption:

"It was not until you had basely deserted me—not until adversity had tried you and some friends whose worth, up to that terrible hour, had remained unrecognized—that I began to examine my once idol—to compare it with others—to assay—to test it—to search, scrutinize, prove the nature of my own worship of it. I not only found that I had set up in my heart a false image—a wretched sham—a scandal on the name of gentleman—but that my love would not bear the test of trial—that I had deceived myself into the belief that I had loved, when it was but the deluded fascination of a weakminded schoolgirl, the hallucination of a, perhaps vain, fool—in fact, I had not known what love was."

"But you have since!" he interposed, with a sneer.

"I have since," she rejoined, firmly.

"Exceedingly convenient, upon my word."

"At least, let it suffice for you to know that I was the victim as much of my own as your deception. I never truly loved you when I believed you high principled; I have no words to express my detestation of you now I know what you are. The sun and moon may sooner come into contact at meridian than you and I after to-day. Before I dismiss you I demand from you my daughter. I learn that she is where you can discover her, and I demand her from you. I insist upon you withdrawing her from the dishonoring custody in which she is detained, and restoring her to me without delay, or you must take the penalties of refusal. You knew me soft, yielding, tender; thwart me in this long cherished object—the recovery of my child—and you shall find me what you should tremble to create."

He looked at her with his nose yet in wrinkles, but a demoniac gleam in his eyes. He snapped his finger and thumb.

"Your child is no catch—no beauty," he answered, with acrid viciousness; "but—a—you don't have her. After your complimentary remarks about me I should be a fool to oblige you in any form, and I will not. The coarse, vulgar chit is born in wedlock, there is no doubt about that. The law makes me her father, therefore her lawful guardian—there's no doubt about *that*. You can't take her from me if I say no—not if she danced about under your nose in rags, as perhaps she shall."

"Monster!"

"You are, you mean! You drive me to do it. Be sensible; accept the splendid chance I offer you, fling away all canting prejudice, and return to be with me, as you are, my wife. Then you shall have the child, and we will try to make something out of her. Set me at defiance——"

"I set you at defiance! Go! We part as irreconcileable enemies. I shall retain of you nothing but a hateful memory. Think of me as you will, but I shall not allow you to blot me from yours until fate has avenged me. Go!"

She rang a bell violently.

The door quietly but immediately opened, and Reginald Ringwood entered. He looked petrified with amazement at the sight of Harcourt, but no setting sun after a gale ever looked more inflamed than did his visage in a second.

He was about impetuously and angrily to stride up to him, but Floye laid her hand upon his arm and arrested him.

She looked up in his face beseechingly, and said:

"For my sake, Reginald."

He fell back with a smothered exclamation, but remained quiet.

A man servant appeared at the door.

Firm, and with an aspect of ice, Floye pointed to Harcourt. In a voice that made the latter writhe with fury, she exclaimed:

"Show that person to the street."

With the quickness of thought Harcourt saw that discretion here would be the better part of valor. Altercation and disturbance might work him harm. Like the well-bred dog, he prepared to go when kicking was in the wind, but not without delivering a withering sarcasm, as he believed.

He rounded his shoulders, he appeared to be inwardly convulsed with laughter, and his eyes seemed sightless.

"Well, if ever there was shameless profligacy, I should say yours——"

He felt himself seized by the collar, and flung against the door jamb. He caught a glimpse of the infuriated countenance of Reginald close to his own, and heard him thunder into his ear:

"You are lagging, man!"

Blind, mad, frantic with passion, he would have thrown himself upon Reginald, but that the footman, stalwart, and feeling himself in this case all a policeman, fastened on to him, jumped with him in a series of wild, reckless bounds down the staircase, placed him on the pavement flags, and slammed the house door upon him before he had a chance of resisting him.

Stunned, bewildered, sick at heart, abject, miserable beyond describing, he turned away from the place, feeling outwardly and inwardly all the agonizing throes of a beaten hound.

"Fate has got me by the throat," he gasped, "and it must drag me on to the end. Everything I do for the best turns out for the worst. Talk about luck. Look at mine!"

Dejected and chapfallen, he sneaked rather than walked away from the street.

As the footman who had expelled him in his enthusiasm accompanied him a little beyond the threshold, a boy slipped into the hall, and with a nimble spring made his way up the stairs, not halting until he reached the door of a room he heard sounds of low, hysterical sobbing, and the soothing tones of a man's voice.

Into that room he glided, and at the astonished exclamation of Reginald, Floye, who was weeping as if her heart would break, looked up. She saw a few paces from her this boy, and the moment she beheld his features a cry of astonishment escaped her.

The face was the counterpart of that which had so affected her at the opera.

The boy's eyes gleamed like meteors as they raced over her face, and a palpable shade of disappointment crossed his features as some conviction suddenly took possession of his mind.

"Yes," he muttered, with a catching of the breath, "she belongs to you. I don't. Belongs to nobody worth having. I don't."

Then, with a resolution to be expected only from one older in years, he said, aloud:

"You are crying because you've lost your little girl. Ah, I know. I thought her mother would be my mother, that she would be my sis, and I——" His lip quivered a moment, but he added, quickly: "But I'm nobody's kid. Nobody would cry after me; but you do after your little girl. So, as I know where she is, I have come to tell you."

In a moment Floye had twined her arms about his neck, and in rapid accents, cried:

"My dear boy, I know—at least, I guess—who you are. It all flashes through my brain. I will rear and protect you; my child shall be your sister, too, if you love her——"

"I do, and no flies," he interpolated, with a husky gush.

"And she—where is she—where?"

The boy glanced round the room, and then at Reginald.

"All serene?" he observed, suggestively.

Reginald puzzled, and a little electrified, he nodded.

Then the boy pulled a letter from his pocket, and handed it to Floye. The superscription was in a feminine hand, rather rugged, and it was addressed:

"To Tiny, the Bit Inn, Tattenham Green."

"That's from Giftie," he said, with a tone of exultation. "Got it this morning, and I've walked up to London with it. Mrs. Twopenny told me where to unkennel you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom—he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

SAY nothing respecting yourself either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

WOMAN'S FAITH.

Two golden heads bent low over a golden satin.

"Now, sister, don't think me foolish and weak when I tell you that to-night I believe in Lewis Thurston. I think there was some mystery at the foundation of our sad affair, which I might have unravelled had I not been so proud. I know that any explanation would be vain now—know that in all probability Marion Leslie holds the place in his heart I once possessed; but that don't alter my belief in him."

"Mena Hathaway"—and the sister's voice had in it a tone of indignation—"Lewis Thurston, without one word of explanation, wrote asking to be relieved from his engagement; you have not seen or heard from him since. Come now, dear, and help me fold this dress. Miss Leslie will be getting impatient, and I must take it home."

"I wish I were going with you," said Mena.

"What for? So that you may make your misery the more complete by a look at the beauty he has chosen to supplant your poor little fragile self?"

And with a kiss she hastened away.

"I wish," she murmured, "that Mena could be convinced of that fellow's worthlessness. I always mistrusted that he somehow suspected father's pecuniary condition, and anticipated matters by breaking the engagement. Harry never could have acted so."

And then her thoughts went back a few months, to a time when her lover had been taken from her by a power stronger than his own.

"Tell Miss Leslie that I wish to see her before I go," she said, to the servant who took the robe from her hand.

And she walked into the sitting-room, and seated herself back in a shadowed corner.

The gas had been lit in the hall, and was faintly reflected in the little apartment, in which there was no other light.

She sat there for an hour or more. But no Miss Leslie appeared.

Probably the fact of a waiting seamstress had entirely escaped her memory.

And Meta Hathaway had just decided that she must return home, when in from the adjacent room came two gentleman.

One she immediately recognized as Miss Leslie's brother.

The other she never remembered having seen before.

But Mr. Leslie's call of "Thurston" soon satisfied her of his identity with her sister's former lover.

"I will wait until they go out," she decided quickly. "They won't be likely to stay long."

Lewis Thurston stood over by the mantel, directly opposite the door, while the light fell full upon his face.

"I think, Albert," said he, evidently continuing a conversation, "that few women are worth so much. You have often wondered that I do not marry. Three years ago I was engaged, and only waited the return of the sister of my betrothed, to be made one with the woman I loved. Well, the sister came home, and on the night of her return I visited the house. I could stay but a few moments, having an engagement elsewhere; but I promised to return again that evening. And with her kiss on my lips—it burns there yet—I went away, concluded my business as quickly as possible, and returned to her. Well; Albert," and here the speaker's voice grew hard, "I found her, but there was a stranger with her—a dark-faced, handsome fellow. She looked into his eyes with just as much fondness as she ever looked in mine. His arms were around her. I waited until I had seen their lips meet, and then rushed from the house."

Meta Hathaway glided out of her corner.

"Mena!"

And Lewis Thurston's lips grew white.

"No," she said, simply. "Not 'Mena.' I am Meta. It was I you saw that night in the conservatory. Mena was waiting for you in the library."

She made no apology for listening: in truth none was required.

He walked back with her to the little room where Mena sat, and for once woman's faith had its abundant reward.

A NEW WAY TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Master Frank was in a brown study.

He had been taken up stairs into the drawing-room to see his new aunt—that is to say, the wife of his Uncle William, who was only recently married; and this was her first visit after the wedding tour.

Master Frank had behaved with great propriety during the interview, but had gone away so grave and thoughtful that his nurse was a little disturbed by such an unusual state of affairs.

"Why, Frank, what are you thinking about?" said she; "don't you like your new auntie?"

"Not much," replied the matter-of-fact Frank.

"And why not, Frankie?"

"Because she is not pretty, like mamma."

"Oh, but, my dear, you ought not to dislike your auntie for that. I'm sure your aunt was very good to you, and it is better to be good than pretty any day."

"Is it?" asked Frank, wonderingly.

"Certainly, dearie, for one may be pretty outside and ugly inside—one may have a pretty face and an ugly temper."

(The worthy old party, you will observe, was rather awkward in her modes of expression.)

"Well, but," said Frankie, slowly—"well, but—*is* auntie pretty inside, do you think? Because——"

Here Frankie stopped.

"Of course she is, dear. But 'because' what?"

"Why because——" and here an intelligent look darted into the boy's sweet blue eyes, "because—*why don't they turn her inside out, then?*"

GOSSIP.—There is one social dishonor about which no one thinks it worth while to say much in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential, if happily a high sense of honor were the rule. It is odd that one of the best things a boy learns at school is to eschew tale-bearing and keep faith with his companions, while one of the most common practices of society is to betray the trust contained in talk, and repeat to all what has been told in implied confidence to one. This habit of repeating what we hear is as fatal to the best intercourse of minds as to the finer feelings of integrity.

TRADES OF THE PAST.

Half a century ago bellows-making was a thriving trade. Every house had its pair of bellows, and in every well-furnished mansion there was a pair hung by the side of every fireplace. But as stoves and grates took the place of open fireplaces, and as coal was substituted for wood, the demand for bellows diminished, and the business, as a separate trade, died out. The same is true of flint cutting. Flints were once necessary for tinder-boxes, and a tinder-box was as necessary for every house as a gridiron or a skillet. Every one who looks back to a childhood of forty odd years ago must remember the cold winter mornings when the persistent crack of the flint against the steel sent up from the kitchen an odor of igniting tinder and sulphur which pervaded the house. Then again are gone the pin-makers, who, though they have been in their graves this quarter of a century, still figure in lectures and essays to illustrate the advantages of the division of labor. Instead of a pin taking a dozen men or more to cut, grind, point, head, polish, and what not, as it used to do, pins are now made by neat little machines at the rate of three hundred a minute, of which machines a single child tends to half a dozen. Nail-making at the forge is another lost industry. Time was—and that in this nineteenth century—when every nail was made on the anvil. Now, from one hundred to one thousand nails per minute are made by machines. The nailer who works at the forge has but a bad chance of competing with such antagonists, and he would have no chance at all were it not that his nails are ten-fold tougher than the former.

RAIN ONCE IN FIVE YEARS.

The tract of country known as the State Range Valley is probably one of the most curious that Southern California can boast of. It is there the immense deposits of borax were discovered something like a year ago; and at the time the whole lower or central part of that basin was covered with a white deposit, breaking away in some places in large soda reefs, in others resembling the waves of the ocean, and in still others stretching out for miles in one unbroken level, from which the sun reflected its rays with a glare almost unendurable. But one of the most singular features in connection with this district was the absence of rain or moisture; the days were ever sunny and hot, the nights without dew, and generally warm. For more than five years, it is said by those who claim to know, there has been no rain there, until some three months since the spell was broken. Suddenly, and with scarce any warning, rain commenced to fall, and unceasingly, unaccompanied by wind, but a thorough drenching rain. For two or three days it remained pleasant, when suddenly a water-spout was seen wending its way through the valley. It came in a zig-zag course across the upper end of the lake, striking the range of hills on the east side and coursing rapidly along them. The ravines and gorges were soon filled with water, which poured from them in fearful volume and spread itself out upon the bottom. In a short time it was over, and denizens of the place now look for another dry season of five years.

FISH AND FLESH.

Many elaborate comparisons have been made as to the comparative food values of butcher's meat and fish, and occasional controversies have arisen on the subject, in which the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food value worth speaking of. Others say fish food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef or mutton. Again a learned authority says that fish, well cooked with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher's meat, so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support the health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many persons following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country, the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and, as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the men's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are hardy, vigorous, and brave people.

THERE have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most pathetic is that given by a young lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

THERE is a sort of instinctive, unexpressed gratitude among mankind, and it is impossible for great deeds to be hidden even in the generation when they are done.

PATIENCE is a virtue that one often has great occasion to use, and he who expects to get on comfortably through the world would do well to lay in early a large stock.

The Key-Note of Health.

The health and vigor of the several organs of the body depend upon the simple condition that the functions which pertain to each shall be regularly and actively performed. If vitality is sluggish or deficient, this condition is not properly fulfilled, and as a consequence disease is soon inaugurated. Prevent it by a timely use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which rouse the vital energies when dormant and endow the feeble frame with needful stamina. At the same time that the Bitters infuse new strength into the system, they correct those functional irregularities and local weaknesses which sap the vital power. Dyspepsia, bladder and kidney complaints, gout, rheumatism, fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and nervous diseases are invariably overcome by the operation of this standard alterative tonic.

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THE MUD BANKS IN THE OCEAN.—A curious phenomenon frequently met with in the Indian Ocean, the real cause of which has not yet been ascertained, is the existence off Malabar, and in certain spots along the Coromandel coast, of vast mud banks, and of tracts of mud suspended in the sea, wherein many kinds of fish find abundance of food, immunity from much disturbance in the surrounding element, and a place in which to breed. The exact cause of the existence of these large tracts of the sea wherein mud remains in solution is still a mystery, but at any rate the tracts are so smooth, that, even during the height of the southwest monsoon, vessels can run for shelter into their midst, and once there are as safe as when inside a breakwater.

HINTS.—Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends and you will get them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your bosom to call out goodness and kindness from others. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are the ones who abuse themselves the oftenest.

The Most Wonderful Medical Discovery Known to Man.

While there is life there is hope. Don't give up the ship.

A Letter from Dr. Frazier.

Believing that cleansing the blood was the only true way of banishing disease, and being troubled with a Scrofulous disease, known as Salt Rheum and Weakness of the Lungs, and finding no cure, I commenced to experiment by compounding roots, using the medicine that I obtained. I fortunately discovered a most wonderful Blood Searcher or Bitters, which not only gave me instantaneous relief, but, after a few weeks' time, effected a perfect cure. I then prepared a quantity of the Root Bitters, and was in the habit of giving them away to the sick. I found the medicine possessed the most wonderful healing virtues, effecting cures of all diseases originating from bad blood or weakness of the system, as if by magic. At last the demand became so great I found myself called upon to supply patients with medicine in all parts of the continent, and I was compelled to establish a Laboratory for compounding and bottling the Root Bitters in large quantities. I was at first backward in presenting either myself or remedy to the public, not being a patent medicine man, and with limited capital, but I am getting bravely over that. Since I first advertised this wonderful medicine, I have been crowded with orders, and the scores of letters I receive from persons cured, prove the fact that no remedy has ever done so much good and had such a success as the Root Bitters. Root Bitters are strictly a Medicinal Preparation, such as was used in the good old days of our forefathers, when people were cured by some simple root or plant, and when calomel and other poisons of the mineral kingdom were unknown. For Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Scrofulous Eruptions, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dizziness, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Urinary diseases, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Lost Vitality and broken down Constitutions, these Root Bitters are universally admitted to be the most wonderful discovery in the world. Their searching, healing properties penetrate every portion of the human frame, soothing the lungs and strengthening the stomach, kidneys and liver. For weakly, nervous young men, suffering from loss of memory, etc., caused from abuses in early life, and to delicate females, these Root Bitters are especially recommended. No other medicine will cure Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Boils, Tetter, Ringworm, White Swelling, Sore Eyes, Running of the Ears, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Cancerous formations, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Pustules, Blotches, and all Skin diseases, so quickly as the Root Bitters. All diseases have their origin in bad blood. The Root Bitters lay the axe at the root of the tree of disease, by searching and purifying the blood which will nourish and invigorate every organ and part of the body and keep it in repair until a ripe old age.

I warrant my Root Bitters a perfect cure for the above and similar diseases and in case of failure, where the medicine has had a fair trial, will thank all to call or write and get back their money. Show this notice to your druggist, or storekeeper, and if he don't have a stock of my Root Bitters on hand, ask him to order a supply.

GEORGE W. FRAZIER, Cleveland, O.

Testimonials

$10,000 REWARD.

I will pay $5 00 to any one showing that a single testimonial I publish is not genuine. Also, an additional reward of $5.00 for a medicine that has ever effected one-half as many wonderful cures during the same time introduced as this medicine. The above rewards payable in gold, and I challenge open to the world.

Read and Judge for Yourself.

Mr. Jacob Loren, Belle Plaine, Iowa, writes: "Seeing a notice of your wonderful medicine (Root Bitters) in the Evangelical Messenger, I had our druggist in this place order a few bottles. Myself and daughter had used the bitters with the greatest satisfaction. I had been afflicted a long time with salt rheum and erysipelas. I tried most every medicine recommended without benefit, until I used your Root Bitters. I feel like a new man. Enclosed find $5 00. Send me as many bottles as you can for the money. A number of my neighbors want Bitters. Write at once and let me know how many bottles you can send me for $5.00."

Mr. Barney Cain, Niagara, Ontario, writes: "I have been taking your Root Bitters. They done me great good. They have cured my cough and I feel like another person."

Miss Lizzie Cornwall, East Cleveland, writes: "Hearing of your Root Bitters, I commenced using them for blotches and pimples on the face, weakness and loss of appetite. They have effected a cure, and I now enjoy better health than I have for ten years. My case was one of the very worst."

Mr. Jacob Ruby, Zurich, P. O., Ontario, afflicted with dyspepsia, throwing up food, etc., writes: "Bitters received, and have been taking them one week. They helped me right off. I could have sold a dozen bottles. Please write what you will charge for two dozen. You may publish in the papers that your bitters have done me more good than any other medicine."

John Roland, Cleveland, writes: "For weeks at a time I was confined to the house with fever and ague. After using your Root Bitters two weeks I am restored to good health."

DR. FRAZIER: Dear Sir:—Your Root Bitters have built up my wife more rapidly than all the medicines taken by her during the past nine months. She has been suffering terribly with Inflammatory Rheumatism, but is now so far recovered that I think one more bottle of your Bitters will work a cure.

Yours truly,
J. K. SPEAR, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Daniel Smith, of Concord, N. H., afflicted with weakness, pain in lungs and shoulder, heavy pain over the eyes, restless at night and tired, fainty feelings all the time, writes: "Your Root Bitters have done me more good than all the medicines I have ever taken and I have taken more or less for ten years."

The above is a fair sample of the scores of letters I am receiving at my laboratory in Cleveland, Ohio. Root Bitters are sold by druggists and country storekeepers throughout the world. Ask for Frazier's Root Bitters and accept no substitute.

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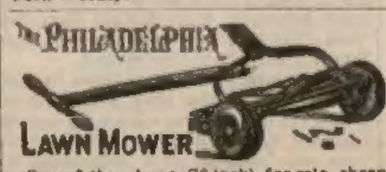

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We have been specially desired to give a dissertation upon the different modes of arranging the hair, and what we think the most suitable one. This last cannot be answered in the singular number, since one style will never be applicable to the general mass of feminine inquirers, so, fair friends, you must be content with a little advice and a few hints, instead of positive direction, on this delicate and profound subject, leaving the rest to your own good taste and judgment.

At present the reigning styles of arranging the hair may be said to consist of extremes. We have the severely Grecian, which decrees that the front hair be drawn away from the temples in loose waves or else smooth bands, and caught in a low braided or twisted coil just above the nape of the neck. A short wavy fringe of hair or else tiny curls hang above the forehead. A small Spanish comb is often worn in the knot or just above it. This style suits only small shapely heads, with low forehead and clear-cut features, or else a fresh delicate face.

Another mode is to wear finger-puffs, rolls or braids on top of the head, while the back hair is allowed to hang in drooping plaits or twisted coils, and is fastened by a ribbon bow or a buckle of silver or jet.

Yet another is to wear the back hair in two or three thick curls, tied together by a wide black ribbon just above the nape of the neck. These two latter styles are suitable for long, thin faces.

Another mode is to arrange all of the hair on top of the head in a succession of rolls or finger-puffs, intermingled with short curls. This is suitable to round, full faces.

In France, or more properly speaking, Paris, the great centre of good taste in all matters pertaining to the toilette, one seldom sees at a reception or party two heads arranged exactly alike. Much attention is given to the effect of coiffure there, which, indeed, carries no inconsiderable weight in influencing personal appearance. An unbecoming mode of arranging the hair may make even a pretty face appear plain, or, at any rate, greatly detract from its wonted charm, and so, fair friends, we beg you to be cautious, and, as far as lies in your power, study effect in such things.

Above all, be moderate and judicious in your use of false hair. Custom decrees for nearly all that some shall be worn, but do, if possible, avoid the mountains of braids and twists, curls and rolls wherewith some devotees of fashion and sinners against good taste adorn their aching heads. They do not deceive any one either, neither do they beautify themselves, so, in the name of good sense, why do they wear such monstrous heaps, piled up like Ossa on Pelion? Even our unusually thick and long quantity of natural hair growing on the head, when twisted up or braided, cannot approach in size to the pyramids under which we see some little delicate-faced women tottering. It will in the end produce, in many instances, permanent baldness, and often severe headache.

To turn to more agreeable topics.

We have been quite delighted with a suit of plaid hernani, which had so graceful an overskirt, that we must describe it.

The underskirt was plainly trimmed with two medium width knife pleatings of silk. The overdress—a long rounded apron in front—was gathered up at the sides, far over towards the middle of the back, by a drawing string, arranged in a manner which we have too often described lately to repeat here. The feature of this overskirt consisted of two pointed or shawl-shaped scarfs at the back, which were trimmed all around, as, indeed, was the apron front, with a knife pleating of taffeta silk. These sashes or scarfs commenced at the waist, and were draped by being looped in and out, one across the other, forming the prettiest bouffante we have ever seen.

The corsage was a perfectly plain cuirass basque, piped with silk, and pointed in the back. Just at the end of the point a large bow of taffeta ribbon was placed, which seemed to head the graceful sashes at the back.

A charming costume for the promenade or a short trip was of fine brown cashmere delaine. The plain round underskirt cleared the ground neatly without exposing the feet. Three bias folds of chestnut-brown silk, stitched on each side with white silk, formed the trimming. The deep well-rounded apron overdress was drawn up at the back with a drawing string, and caught together over the slight bouffante by bows of ribbon, seven inches wide. Two rows of bias silk, stitched on each side with white silk, formed the trimming of the apron overskirt. The waist was a plain cuirass basque, double breasted, and corded with brown silk. A small mantle of the material, with long square ends, and edged all around with deep-brown silk fringe, was worn with this suit.

A hat of brown English straw, Derby shape, and trimmed with a wide scarf of brown grenadine and two shaded wings, was the fitting accompaniment of this toilette.

Gloves of pale tan-colored undressed kid, with four buttons, also an "alpenstock" umbrella, were carried.

ODDS AND ENDS.

One of the newest fancies in jewelry is to have a tiny watch inserted in the locket concealed by the lid. A spring touched at one side reveals it, and it is worn upon a chain which can be lengthened or shortened at will.

The Capuchin bonnet of thread lace or plain tulle is gaining in popularity, and bids fair to be the leading shape for autumn and winter.

White and pearl-colored Lisle thread gloves are more fashionably worn now than kid, even with silk dresses.

Bracelets and "dog-collar" to match, for the throat, are very fashionably worn in black and dark blue velvet ribbon, clasped with yellow gold.

Ties for the neck, of white tarletan and tulle, worked with coarse white silk floss, are much worn.

Small baschlik capes, with hood attached, of white and scarlet cashmere, embroidered in a contrasting color, are fashionable for evening promenades or drives at the seashore or in the mountains.

Jewelry of tinted cameo shells is the newest fancy abroad.

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MOLLIE W.—If your hair is "short and unruly," wave it by plaiting at night, after dampening with water. Tie a ribbon about it—blue, if your complexion is fair, and pink or rose color if you are a brunette. Yes: we think your hair a nice color, and your handwriting a neat one, though still open to much improvement.

MISS ANNIE NEVILLE.—We advise linen traveling dresses for yourself and the children. You can wear a black silk underskirt, with overdress and basque of linen. Either black or brown straw Derby hat, with brim shading the face; brown or black scarf and wing. You will probably find just the same grades of society that you are accustomed to meet with in your present home, and no doubt be received with much kindness.

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The Third Lieutenant's Story.

BY LIEUT H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

I made my first voyage to sea on board the barque Conquest. We were bound for Shanghai, and from there chartered for Foo Chow. The city is twenty-five miles above Pagoda anchorage, where all the tea traders and river steamers are obliged to come to discharge or receive cargoes, as the water above that point shoals rapidly, and the city has to be reached by boats.

Our cargo of poles, which are extensively used at Shanghai for building purposes, were ready for us, and our Chinese consignee had them rafted off as fast as we could take them in.

We were ready for sea, the pilot was aboard, anchor hove short, when a sampan was seen pulling towards us, containing the old Chinaman who controlled the movements of the vessel. The old fellow clambered over the side, and with profound salaams, buttonholed the captain.

The upshot of the matter was that two wealthy native merchants were anxious to take passage with us to Shanghai, and as they offered a good round sum for the favor, our captain concluded to take them. But, as they were at the city, the Conquest's gig, with the mate in charge, was obliged to be dispatched for them. I was in the mate's watch, and a nod from him was sufficient. Slipping below, I put on my shore toga, stowed a revolver in hopes of obtaining a shot at some wild ducks, and soon after we sheered off.

It was late in the afternoon, not a breath of air was stirring as evening came on, and the broad expanse of the river was as unruffled as a mirror. The air was laden with the peculiar scent of the tea plant, myriad numbers of whirring fireflies spun about or glittered amid the tangled thickets on the river bank, while above the scintillant stars twinkled and gleamed through the clear atmosphere.

We were pulling leisurely, as the mate did not care to reach the city before daybreak, especially as the dangers of the intricate channel increased as we neared our destination.

It was late in the day again when we started back with our passengers. Their traps consisted of two camphor-wood trunks, a quarter-box of opium and two kegs bound with brass hoops, which contained specie, and were carefully stowed in the stern sheets.

I was now sitting beside the mate, who guided the boat through the numerous boats lying all around us. The moon had risen, pouring a flood of light upon land and water, producing a grand and indescribable effect.

Suddenly an exclamation of alarm burst from the lips of one of the passengers who had been glancing nervously astern, and the mate, throwing a hasty glance over his shoulder, muttered:

"River pirates!"

We had made rapid progress down the river with a fair tide, and the mate exhorted the men to "Give away for their lives. Five miles more, lads, and we'll be alongside the old barque. Remember, you're homeward bound."

The trunks and everything movable but the specie was pitched overboard, while close under the bank of the river, where the shadows from the trees and foliage had hitherto concealed them, and filled with men, were two long, narrow boats, pulling with long and powerful strokes.

Fortunately I happened to remember the fact of my taking a revolver. It was the only weapon among us, save the sailors' sheath knives. A flush of exultation lit up the mate's bronzed face as I produced it.

"Well done, boy; you have saved our lives. Steady yourself against my shoulder, and don't throw away a shot."

The men gave way with a will, but like two sharks the pursuing boats crept down upon us, until I could hear the low, incessant chatterings of the rascals who were no doubt thirsting for our blood.

I was standing up, revolver in hand, and braced against the mate, who was paying all his attention to the steering of the boat. As we shot round a bend in the river the mate exclaimed, in a rapid tone:

"I see the lights at the anchorage bay, the pagoda looms up through the darkness, and the old barque will soon be in sight. Keep cool; do not delay too long, but fire when you can make them out distinctly."

His words filled me with confidence, and leveling my revolver, I aimed for the nearest boat, which was not over twenty yards distant. I could make out their dark forms distinctly, and occasionally the glitter of their arms as the moonlight fell upon them proved that they were fully prepared to meet with resistance, if any should be offered.

I fired once, twice, three times in rapid succession, and the loud yells that followed proved that our efforts for defence had not been fruitless. The foremost boat was thrown into confusion; the clink and rattle of their oars fell like music on our ears as they caught crab after crab.

The second boat came up, laid on their oars for a moment, then dashed along with a more determined stroke than ever. But we had made the most of the brief respite offered us, and had opened quite a gap. I kept up a running fight with the three remaining shots, and I trust they were not expended in vain.

As we neared the barque the pirates gave up the chase, contenting themselves with letting drive a volley of ill-directed musketry, which, however, did no damage. As we pulled under the counter of the old barque we gave three rousing cheers, which were echoed back by a yell of disappointed and baffled rage by the hungry, bloodthirsty pirates. We did not stop to see what direction our late pursuers took, but clambered over the side as quickly as possible, rejoicing at the narrow escape we had had.

The mate made his report, the gig was hoisted up, and preparations made for an early start. Upon going below I learned that quite a change had occurred on board during our absence. It appeared that an opium smuggler had put into the anchorage short of hands, and by offering large wages had induced over half of the crew to desert, including the cabin steward. The captain had been unable to fill the vacancies save that of the steward's, and through the Chinese pilot the Conquest was indebted for as precious a scoundrel as ever infested the earth. Short-handed as we were, the captain determined to sail for Shanghai, where men were plenty. Fortunately, the weather was fine, and the southwest monsoons were blowing steadily, so that no danger was anticipated so far as the weather was concerned.

The morning was bright and clear as we dropped down the river, and I noticed a large junk following close in our wake, but paid no attention to a fact that was of every day occurrence.

Out over the bar, into the long regular swell of the ocean we glided, under the careful guidance of the Chinese pilot, who appeared to be strangely interested in the movements of the lumbering old craft that had jogged along after us from the time we had tripped our anchor.

The new steward, also, a long-tailed, almond-eyed specimen of the cruel, treacherous race, was frequently in communication with his friend, the pilot; but nothing strange was thought of it, and, unfortunately, our apprehensions were not aroused.

Finally the pilot pronounced us clear of all danger, and, wishing us a pleasant voyage in his pigeon English, the old scoundrel drew his sail-boat alongside, the Conquest was hove to, and with a last glance about the deck, he passed over the side.

We saw him communicate with the junk astern, wave his hand, and pass on toward the bar, while we filled away for Shanghai.

Suddenly the steward came on deck with the captain's revolver, and deliberately discharged the contents into the sea. The captain was startled at the first report, and in a rather sharp tone asked him what he was about. The fellow replied, with a demure expression, that in cleaning up the captain's stateroom he had found the weapon lying in a drawer, rusty, and he thought he would clean it. The explanation satisfied the captain, who congratulated himself upon having so tidy and observing a servant.

In the meanwhile, the junk, with her huge lateen sails spread to the freshening breeze, had come up on our weather-quarter, and being light, while we were deeply laden, could easily excel us in going off free. Nearer and nearer she edged down, until, with a sudden movement, the huge craft crashed alongside, taking us completely by surprise, as a crowd of yelling, screaming demons poured over the rail, boarding in overwhelming numbers. The man at the wheel, the captain, and one of the Chinese passengers were instantly killed, and flocking aft they took entire possession of the cabin and quarter-deck.

I was so paralyzed with terror at the suddenness of the attack, and the butchery that followed, that for a moment or two I was unable to move or command a muscle. Fortunately, I was small, or my indecision might have cost me my life. Running forward, I climbed nimbly up the fore stays, and reached the top in safety, the foresail screening me from the observation of the pirates, who were too busy aft to attend to matters aloft. The mate, second mate and carpenter made a gallant struggle for life, armed, as they were, with belaying pins, handspikes, or whatever they could grasp in their terrible emergency. But what did they avail against the strong arms and keen weapons of the pirates. They fell, pierced by a dozen death dealing wounds, and prominent amongst the miscreants was the Chinese steward, who, of course, was in league with the pirates. From my hiding place I was forced to witness the butchery of my friends and shipmates, powerless to strike a blow in their defence. Their mangled corpses were strewn fore and aft the deck, and I alone of the entire ship's company was left to tell the tale.

The cabin was stripped of all the valuables it contained. The unfortunate Chinese passengers not only lost their lives but their gold also, and in fact nothing of the slightest value escaped the rapacity of the pirates. Everything was removed aboard of the junk, and, casting off from the barque, they shaped a course for the river, leaving me, half dead with terror and horror, stretched at full length in the foretop.

I watched the junk out of sight as she crossed the bar, and then ventured to return to the deck amongst the slaughtered crew. Frightened and bewildered at the horrid spectacle, I crept into a quiet corner and sobbed myself into a state of unconsciousness.

I was aroused by a deep voice, and heavy hand upon my shoulder, and reassured by hearing kind words in our own language, I ventured to creep forth. It was the captain of a coasting steamer, who had sighted the barge drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves, and suspecting some trouble, had steamed down for the old Conquest, where a ghastly sight greeted him and his crew. I told him my story, and without delay he took the barque in tow. He steamed direct for Shanghai, reported the facts to the authorities, who dispatched two gunboats to the scene of the murder, but their search was fruitless. The murderers of the ill-fated ship's company are undiscovered and unpunished to this day. The poor victims were buried in the European cemetery, and as I followed their remains to the city of the dead, I felt homeless and friendless in that strange land. In time a new captain was appointed, and with a fresh cargo of tea, we sailed for home. I have always thought that the river pirates and the gang that made the attack upon the barque, were one and the same, with reinforcements, of course. There, gentlemen, I believe I have related the only incident in my life worthy of note, and I have used up the evening effectually, if nothing more.

NOT SO SURE ABOUT IT.

CLARA—"Were you not pleased to have such a pretty partner as Miss Myrtle at croquet yesterday, Charlie?"

CHARLIE—"Well—er—personally, must say, I dislike beauty. Acknowledged belles have a way of making a fellow feel himself of secondary consideration sometimes, don't you know?"

Watering Place Items.

THE Adirondack Company have placed several new coaches on the line between Saratoga and Lakes George and Schroon.

THE Knickerbocker Club House at Rockaway Beach has become a fashionable place of resort for picnics and bathing.

THE accommodations for travel from Albany north are more extensive and perfect than ever by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's road.

BATHING suits of Turkish toweling are something new. They are intended for ladies only, we are told, and are very handsomely embroidered in colors.

THE season at Canandaigua Lake promises well. The steamers are all running, and the "Lake House," at Seneca Point, is the stopping place for several New York belles.

THE Schoodic Lakes, in Maine, are coming to the front this season, and tramping through the woods, and fishing for the "land-locked" salmon, is an amusement worthy of a visit.

WITH its enlarged hotel and many new hotels, Fire Island will be more popular than ever this season. The Surf House is now open, and Mr. Sammis already reports quite a number of arrivals.

A NEW line to Schroon Lake is opened from Crown Point. There are eleven miles of rail by a narrow guage road, and fifteen miles of stage riding with Baldwin, whose occupation at Ticonderoga and Lake George ceased with the new railroad.

A TRUNK, bearing the name of Olive Logan, stood in the hall of Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, possibly because the apartment assigned to her was not large enough to contain it. It measured five feet long, two feet wide, and stood three feet high.

THUS far there has been very little extravagant dressing at the watering places. There is an evident disposition on the part of ladies to dress plainly and quietly. Fewer diamonds are worn by genteel people, and there is very little of the "loud" style so conspicuous at the fashionable summer resorts a few years ago.

THE Boston ladies at Swampscott have peculiar ideas of surf bathing. They put on the most elaborate bathing costumes and then run down to the breakers in high glee. A little foam is allowed to wet their pretty feet, whereupon they all scream and run back to the bathing-houses and put their hotel finery on again. Then when they come out they say the bathing was "perfectly splendid."

BEAUX are reported scarce at Saratoga this season, and the most is being made of a native Japan Prince of Daimio, who is reported charming, wealthy, and wears a pork-pie hat. His name is Idzu No Kami, and his pigtail is very long, black and glossy. Complaint is made that in the great hotels some of the women talk all night. It is no longer fashionable to drink Congress water before breakfast.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

SUBSCRIBERS' BUREAU.

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If any subscriber fails to receive the POST within ten days after sending his subscription, we will take it as a particular favor if he will advise us promptly of the fact, stating the day he sent the money, and in what form, whether cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Monkton Castle. Our Fishing Party. Poetry in Prose. The Minister's Left Hand. The Discontented Daisy.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

ALLIE.—It is the lady's place to make the first sign of recognition—not the gentleman's. 2. About $15 to $25. 3. Your writing is too cramped. At your age, you should be able to write a better hand.

D. A. H. (Norristown).—If you cannot get introduced to the lady through her friends, you must trust to some accidental circumstance to procure you that honor, and as you see her so frequently it cannot be a very difficult matter.

A. M. B. (Flinksburg).—We regret that we never saw the book of which you make mention, nor ever remember to have seen any reference to it. We are, therefore, unable to give you the information you desire. We do not answer by mail.

DESERTER.—If your wife has left her home without reasonable cause, and refuses to return at your request, you may decline to support her; but if she can prove that she left you through ill-treatment or unfaithfulness on your part, she can compel you to allow her a maintenance.

M. E. G.—It will be very little use for us to say "No" when your inclination says "Yes;" all we can stipulate for, is that you do nothing without your parents' consent. "Love cheaply won" is soonest lost, and perhaps you have given up your affections too easily; try a little reserve at your next meeting.

E. N. P.—We gave a description of the Seven Wonders of the world some months ago. They were: I. The Great Pyramid of Egypt (still existing). II. Babylon. III. The Gold and Ivory Statue of Jupiter. IV. The Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. V. The Mausoleum, or Tomb of Mausolus. VI. The Pharos of Alexandria. VII. The Colossus of Rhodes.

KRONUR.—It is impossible for us to tell you "what wages laborers are getting for various kinds of work in Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana, and what are your chances of getting work if you were to go there." If you have any friends in either of those States, your best plan would be to write to them, and they will be better able than any one else to give you all the information you want, knowing your qualifications and the kind of work for which you are more particularly fitted.

IDA HELLER.—If you were one year older, we should answer you thus: You are making obstacles to the accomplishment of your wishes by a false prudery. It is evident that the young man would be only too happy to have an opportunity of addressing you, but while you are yourself, in your heart, just as anxious for his company, the coldness of your manner towards him repels his advances. Treasure this advice in your mind, and if the same circumstances exist a year hence, you may act on it.

JOHN W.—Indian ink, when used to mark the skin, is ground with water on a slab or plate, after the manner in which water colors are ground prior to their use by an artist in water colors. When the skin has been punctured by needles the Indian ink is applied to the wounds by a camel's hair brush. That portion of the ink which sinks into the punctures is indelible, the portion which does not go into the punctures will wash off. So that the device or emblem or initials which is permanently marked on the skin is that which was pricked by the needles before the ink was applied.

UNHAPPY WIFE.—We have read your long letter, and can only come to one conclusion—that you are making yourself miserable, without any real cause, by being so jealous of your husband. You do not charge him with any improprieties or personal familiarities, but merely with being kind and attentive to other ladies of your acquaintance. Many a wife is made miserable in just such a way. The truth is that many wives are so exacting that they would rather see their husbands treat every other woman rudely, and they grudge every smile and every little attention that they bestow on other women. This state of mind into which you have wrought yourself is a morbid and diseased one. You are making yourself wretched, and accomplishing no good; and it may end in your lowering yourself in your husband's affection and esteem.

J. W. CLARK (Camden).—"I should be obliged for some simple directions for kalsomining, to enable me, if possible, to do the work myself?" If you are so located that you cannot get your kalsomining done by an experienced person, which would be better and cheaper, you will find the following directions answer your purpose. Eight pounds of whiting and one quarter of a pound of white glue, make the right proportions. Soak the glue over night in cold water, and in the morning heat it till perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash of the consistence of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomine brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk is used instead of water the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied all holes and crevices should be stopped with plaster of paris mixed with water. If you wish to tint the wall, colors may be procured at any paint store, and stirred into the kalsomine wash.

J. L. P. (Mineral Springs).—"I have been trying to color a meerschaum, but it will only color in spots, and also cracks in places. Please, if you can, tell me the proper way of coloring it." If the object you were aiming at were simply to expel the oil or wax infused into the clay by boiling, and replace it by nicotine, the best generated by smoking would accomplish this: but something more is required. The particles themselves of the meerschaum are to be colored. To secure this latter effect, the heat must be gradual, else, if too great at first, the particles of clay will be baked, and, losing their natural power of cohesion, will crumble away. This explains why your meerschaum cracked in smoking, and colors only in spots. The following is the proper way of coloring a meerschaum: Fill the pipe loosely and only half fall at the start, and smoke slowly, the object being to keep it as cool as possible under the circumstances. Also, do not allow it to cool too rapidly after smoking, else it may crack. Never cover a pipe; because the oil that exudes from the meerschaum will be absorbed by the material of which the cover is composed, and the result will be blotches on the pipe.

H. F. M. (Troy).—"Will you kindly tell me what was the origin of the Stars and Stripes on our National Flag?" The Stars and Stripes became the National Flag of the United States of America, by virtue of a resolution of Congress passed June 14th, 1777. The use of stripes to mark the number of States on the flag cannot be clearly traced, but may be accounted for by a custom of the camp at Cambridge. The army of citizen volunteers comprised all grades of men. Very few were uniformed. It was almost impossible for the sentinels to distinguish general officers from privates. Frequently officers were stopped at the outposts and held for identification until the arrival of the officer of the day. Orders were issued that the different grades of officers should be distinguished by a stripe of colored ribbon worn across the breast. Washington as Commander-in-Chief, wore a ribbon of light blue. The stars on the blue field—"a new constellation"—were suggested by the constellation Lyra, time-honored as an emblem of union. The thirteen stars with which the flag was originally adorned were to represent the number of States, and from time to time as new States have been annexed the number of stars has been increased.

F. H.—"Why am I called a milliner, because I make and sell headdresses, hats, bonnets, etc., for women? It has often puzzled me, and I thought I would ask you some of these days." The name comes from Milan, the city from which such female finery was first imported. Originally a Milaner, one from Milan, was doubtless a man. Other derivations have been given, such as, for instance, from *millenarius*, because he deals in a thousand articles; or from *mistliener*, from *mistlen*, or *mestlen*, a medley or mixture. But we are inclined to believe the first the most likely derivation.

SALLIE.—Do not for one moment imagine that we shall abet any rebellion on the part of children against the just authority of the parent. At your age your father has a perfect right to object to the company you keep, and by-and-by you will acknowledge it, though it now seems irksome to you. Look forward and think that a time will most likely come when you may have daughters as old as you are now, and fancy, if you can, what your feelings as a mother will be if they are not willing to follow out the course you propose for them. We hope you will follow our advice, for we know that parents as a rule act the best for their children, and have only one object, and that is to forward their interests in life.

S. B. D. (Philadelphia).—"I have been told that an American founded 'The Royal Institution of Great Britain.' Is this true? It seems strange that an institution so creditable to our cousins across the water, and of which they are so justly proud, should have an American origin. I can scarcely credit this. If it is correct will you be kind enough to tell me who the founder was and something about his life?" Your informant is correct. The person referred to as the founder of the Royal Institution, was born in Concord, New Hampshire. His name was Benjamin Thompson. Though his name is so little known, he had one of the best minds our country has produced. This lack of home reputation is in consequence of his having joined the British side in the Revolutionary War. After the war he went from London to Bavaria, and became in high favor with the ruler of that country. He was raised to the highest civil and military offices, and given the title of Count Rumford, by which he is now generally known. His chief fame rests on his origination of the mechanical theory of heat, though he did other notable things. Being in London from 1798 to 1804, he, with several others, founded the Royal Institution. The principal work in forwarding this enterprise was done by Rumford. He wrote and issued the prospectus, defined the objects of the institution, chose the first lecturers, Sir Humphrey Davy among others, and fostered it until it became firmly established. The latter years of his life were spent in France.

INQUISITIVE.—"We have been arguing the question of how mankind first acquired the art of lighting a fire, and not having been able to come to any satisfactory conclusion, we ask you for any information you can give us on the subject." There a great many speculations on this point, such as that Prometheus stole the secret from heaven: or that, after the history of the discovery of roast pig, which appeared in our columns a short time ago, some great fire caused by lighting, gave our ancestors the first experience of its advantages; or that the discovery was due to the close proximity in the chalk formations of nodules of flint to the ironstone layers of green sand, and their frequent casual knocking together at the hands of primitive men; or from volcanic fires. It is just possible that the first acquaintance of mankind with fire was made at natural springs of naphtha, lighted by lightning, perhaps. As an instance, we may here mention the wonderful fire temple of Baku on the shores of the Caspian, whose fire has burnt unextinguished probably from days prehistoric. Of this temple Mounsey gives us a description in his "Journey through the Caucasuses," etc., London, 1872: "The temple which with an oratory and two or three chambers for the use of devotees, is enclosed by high walls, is in the form of a small square porch, open on three sides and roofed with a dome, immediately under the centre of which stands the altar; the eternal fire is fed by a current of natural naphtha issuing from an orifice drilled through the altar, and to a depth of eighteen feet below. It was tended at the time of my visit by a Dervish from Delhi. . . . He had lived there in solitude for nearly two years, and shortly expected a successor, likewise from India." Four centuries before, a Russian—Anthanasius Nikitin—visited the same temple, and saw the "fire that burns unextinguished."

ARGUS.—The speed of the carrier pigeon has been generally overrated. Careful experiments have shown that thirty miles an hour is the average, although, in a few well-authenticated instances, thrice that speed has been attained. In 1806 an English gentleman laid a large wager that his pigeons could fly thirty-five miles an hour. To decide the question, three of his trained birds were taken exactly that distance from his residence, and let loose in the presence of witnesses. They arrived home together in just fifty-three minutes, or seven minutes ahead of time. In 1828, during the great annual trial of carrier pigeons at Ghent, twenty-four birds were let fly at Rouen, one hundred and fifty miles distant, at five minutes before ten in the morning. Their flight was carefully timed. One of them reached Ghent in one hour and thirty minutes, having traversed the distance at the marvelous rate of more than ninety miles an hour. Sixteen made the journey in two hours and a half. Several were never heard from. In the East wonderful stories are told of their speed and endurance. But the stories of early travelers are to be taken with many grains of allowance. Although for a short distance, or in exceptional cases, the carrier pigeon may attain a much greater speed, thirty miles an hour is probably its average. Some writers, chiefly poets and romancers, would have us believe that the carrier pigeon finds his way home from remote places by a kind of instinct; but this is not the case. Its flight is guided by sight alone. When let loose from confinement it rises to a great height in the air by a series of constantly enlarging circles until it catches sight of some familiar landmark by which to direct its course. If flown on a foggy day it soon becomes bewildered, and either returns to the place of flight or is lost. Let loose from a balloon on a clear day, and too far above the ground for objects thereon to be discerned even by its piercing vision, instead of rising, it drops perpendicularly, like a plummet, until it nears the earth, when it begins to wheel round in a descending spiral, constantly increasing in diameter, evidently for the purpose above mentioned of ascertaining its locality, and discovering some indications for the direction of its course.

GRADUATE.—"I should like to know what are the implements called 'celts,' which I see mentioned in a work on geology, which I have begun to study, and how do they in any way prove the antiquity of man, as the book referred to claims?" You do not mention the work you are reading, but we have no doubt, if you had read it carefully, it would have thoroughly explained to you the whole subject, and have saved you the trouble of writing to us. We will try and explain the matter, however, as clearly as our brief space will allow. Those oldest and rudest races of men, who inhabited primeval Europe—those tribes of whom history and tradition are alike silent, and the traces of whose works even have been almost obliterated by the waves of succeeding populations, resembled the savages of the South Sea, when visited by Cook, in ignorance of metals. Even at the present day, the inhabitant of the islands in Torres Straits knows neither iron nor bronze. All his work, from the delicate carving of his canoe, to the cutting off of his enemy's head, is done with one implement, an adze, whose blade is made of a sharpened stone. Our predecessors were to a similar condition, but instead of the jade of which the South Sea Islander fabricates his tools and weapons, they used the handy flints, which can be so readily chipped into shape, and are found in so many parts of the country; and these flints, fashioned by chipping into sharp-edged axe or adze heads, are the so-called "celts." These implements have long been known to occur in the burying places of ancient men, but it is only of late years that they have been discovered, in company with the remains of mammoth and other extinct animals over a wide geographical area, in great abundance, and under conditions which preclude the possibility of their having been buried where we find them. As to the speculations on these discoveries, we cannot here say anything; it seems better to be content with the one indisputable fact proved by them that man is older than the present distribution of land and water, hill and valley—and to wait for further evidence before admitting that his contemporaneity with the hairy giants of the pleistocene epoch, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the bison, the bear, and other extinct animals is absolutely proven.

MISCELLANEOUS.—MANY FRIENDS (Reily Ohio).—We know nothing whatever of the party referred to, and would advise you not to place too much faith in the promises held out. JESSIE V. (New York).—We do not understand your question. What do you want to put in the album? L. VAN C. (New York).—With some persons it is considered as the sign of an engagement. M. A. C.—The word "Philopena" applies properly to the gift, and is a combination of two words, Greek and Latin—meaning a friend and penalty. J. O. G.—We are not in need of any assistance in the line you suggest, but thank you all the same for your offer. BRAVIN.—We can supply you with a lady's 18 karat gold ring, with genuine solitaire diamond setting, suitable for an engagement ring, for $15. H. W. S.—It is impossible for us to suggest a name for your projected club or society, until we know what its character is—whether social, political, literary, or otherwise. JOKER.—Railroad euchre is not played in any two sections alike. It is always better to settle the disputed points referred to before the game is commenced. LEARNER.—Ollendorf's "New Method of Learning German," with key, can be got for $2.50.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*